

# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER

1944



**Eddie Cantor:** *G. I. Joe, Swell Guy*

**J. B. Powell:** *After We've Occupied Japan*

**Paul Archinard:** *"You Die for France"*

**Grant Parr** on the Greek Guerrillas





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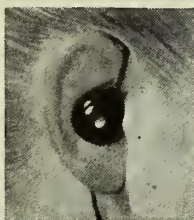


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ON WITH  
THE NEW



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# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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## The Editor's Corner

**H**AMILTON GREENE, operating from France, "doubles in brass" again in this issue, with *Hedgerows of Hell*, (page 12) an absorbing piece for which he furnished the drawings. *Hedgerows* was twice as long in manuscript as in the form in which you read it, and I wish I could have carried it in full. In the October issue Mr. Greene gave us pictures and text of *Victory Combine*.

**M**EANWHILE, the rest of this department is herewith surrendered to Jerry Owen, Captain in the Army of the (Continued on page 4)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents, in an unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

In sending the magazine to a Fleet Post Office, you don't need to use first class mail. Parcel Post rates apply—three cents in an unsealed envelope.

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**IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 51.**

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The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



## • ENDURING

**T**HE mellow charms of great melodies live on—through changing times and tastes.

So it is with Old Grand-Dad—the mellow melody of bourbon at its best.

It sings of golden grain, ripening in the sunshine; of patient years spent in soothing oak; of good fellowship, good times, good taste—so gloriously good that the tongue is loath to lose each lingering drop.

Thus has Old Grand-Dad become Head of the Bourbon Family. One taste will tell you why!

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This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

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"WE'D RATHER  
SAY *YES*"

We don't like to tell people that they'll have to wait to get a home telephone. We'd much rather say "yes" to requests for service. That's the way it always used to be.

But the needs of war still have first claim on available telephone equipment and on telephone manufacturing facilities and manpower. Delays in filling civilian orders just can't be helped.

All of us telephone people sincerely appreciate your patience and understanding in this war emergency.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





## THE EDITOR'S CORNER

(Continued from page 2)

United States as a civil affairs officer. Jerry, a member of the Legion's Publications Commission and former editor of the *Oregon Legionnaire*, sent back a letter recounting a few of the things he experienced in his first few days in Normandy. After telling of the terrific devastation he said:

"At 6.30 a gendarme rushed in, out of breath. He reported that a German shell had landed in a farmyard on the outskirts of the city and had killed and wounded many refugees there. Twenty-one persons were killed, and nineteen wounded by this single shell, among them a prominent citizen considered for mayor, the curé, a gendarme, and the leader of the resistance movement. Five were children.

"I obtained Army Medical Corps attention for the wounded, who were evacuated to field hospitals. . . . The next night I attended a moving ceremony. On a little hillside under a fading Normandy sun, 21 white-sheeted bodies lay in a row. As I waited for the ceremony to begin, carpenters in a nearby barn were still fashioning rude wooden caskets. Over the common grave I had reverently placed an American and a British flag. A French tricolor lay beside them.

"The little vicar, with tears streaming down his cheeks, made a short talk. Chiefly, as I gathered, as he pointed to me, standing with bared head, he was telling them that the Americans had come to liberate France from the tyranny of those who had slain these people, that they had died as soldiers, as liberators in a battle to make the world free. Then the Mayor spoke. The Americans will avenge these deaths many fold, he said.

"I have helped refugees to get back to their families; I've helped the families find them. The work is intensely interesting and at last I know why I became a civil affairs officer and took on the tough assignment of a small-detachment commander. It's the most satisfying job in the world. I haven't slept much since coming here. There may be some untouched buildings in town that would furnish a billet, but I don't know. I haven't had time to look for them. My bedding roll is spread on the concrete floor of a garage alongside this office and there I sleep. I have not had my clothes off for five days. I'm filthy dirty. But for the first time since coming overseas I'm really happy."

ALEXANDER GARDINER



1

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EVERY TIME? Then-try Palmolive Brushless!



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A service man or woman would be glad to read this copy of your magazine after you have finished with it. How to do it? See instructions in the second column on page 2.



# *Tune in Auto-Lite's*

## **NEW RADIO SHOW**



# **"Everything FOR THE BOYS"**

## *Starring* **DICK HAYMES**

Sparkling Personalities of Stage, Screen and Radio  
with GORDON JENKINS' Orchestra and

## **2 WAY CONVERSATIONS**

with Men and Women on the Fighting Fronts  
**TUESDAY NIGHT—NBC NETWORK**

"Everything for the Boys" is dedicated to those closest to the hearts of American Legion members—the men and women in service.

Tune in and thrill as the boys talk with stars of stage, screen and radio. Hear songs by Dick Haymes, music by Gordon Jenkins, meet the "tops" of the entertainment world . . . but, best of all, listen to the warm, human, soul-stirring words of the boys and girls to whom we all owe so much. It's their radio hour . . . Be with us next Tuesday and every Tuesday, NBC Network.

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# A LOOK AHEAD

By

**EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING**

**National Commander  
The American Legion**



**I**N MY FIRST MESSAGE to Legionnaires through their magazine since my election as National Commander, I should like to stress a few things that are close to my heart.

First of all, of course, is the matter of winning complete victory over our foes. Until both Germany and Japan are crushed no American has any right to think of personal advantage, of "business as usual," of relaxation of wartime controls. In the dark days after Pearl Harbor the American people rallied to the job ahead of them, and showed in their productive enterprise how amazingly effective they could be in backing up their fighting men. These splendid results were achieved by the unselfish co-operation of both labor and capital.

Now, with the Allied armies moving in on Germany for the kill and preparing to loose on Japan such a concentration of destructive power as staggers the imagination, we owe it to the gallant men who are winning the victory not to falter while any island of resistance is left.

The Legion believes America can best fulfill its obligations to world peace, in addition to co-operating with its Allies, by keeping strong itself. The way to keep strong is to set up a workable system of universal military training. This will serve notice on would-be aggressors that wanton attacks on other peoples will mean extermination of the attackers. That is what is now going to happen to the Axis leaders. Universal military training will thus serve as insurance against war, and the yearly cost of the policy will be less than the amount we are now spending in a few days of this global war.

In the job of fixing the punishment for Germany and Japan and of setting up the controls over those

nations, the men who served in the armies of liberation should have a part. They have certainly earned the right to this representation, and their presence in the councils of the victorious powers will make certain that the mistakes of 1919 will not be repeated.

A great deal is being said and written on the subject of post-war employment. The nation's foremost obligation is, of course, to its fighting sons whose indomitable courage will have been so largely responsible for victory. The GI Bill of Rights which the Legion initiated, fought for and guided through Congress is a splendid start, but it must not be forgotten that work by local communities must supplement that charter-for-veterans. Employment is to an overwhelming degree a grass-roots problem. We have a right to be proud of what our Posts are doing locally to insure full employment for returning veterans—working with labor, industry and other elements of our national life.

I am sure that the young men and women coming back to civilian life after their service in Uncle Sam's fighting forces will understand it if I here stress something which many persons are likely to forget in the thinking and planning for post-war America. I refer to employment for men of World War One and of the men over thirty who will become veterans of World War Two in the not distant future. We of the Legion do not intend to allow this group to be placed on pauper lists or condemned to selling apples on street corners. Service in the fighting forces of the nation in its days of peril entitles these men to the grateful consideration of their fellow-citizens, and we of the Legion are determined that they shall not be ignored.





# Continental

*Red Seal*

## Engines

## POWER TO WIN

It would be very difficult, indeed, to find a fighting American pilot whose primary training was not acquired with Continental Red Seal Engines.

One good reason why is that Continental made the first commercial engines for smaller aircraft. In fact, Continental pioneered the light aircraft industry and is largely responsible for the success of that industry.

Naturally, this outstanding record is a matter of pride, but it is also a reminder of how these famous Red Seal Engines will perform for civilization after the war.

***Continental Motors Corporation***  
*Aircraft Engine Division*  
 MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

YOUR DOLLARS ARE  
 POWER, TOO! BUY WAR  
 BONDS AND KEEP THEM

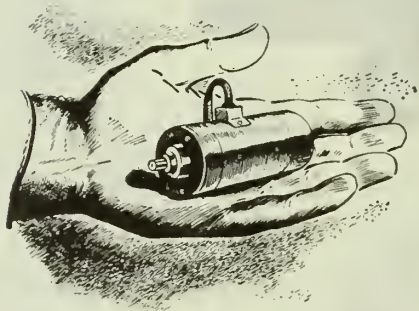
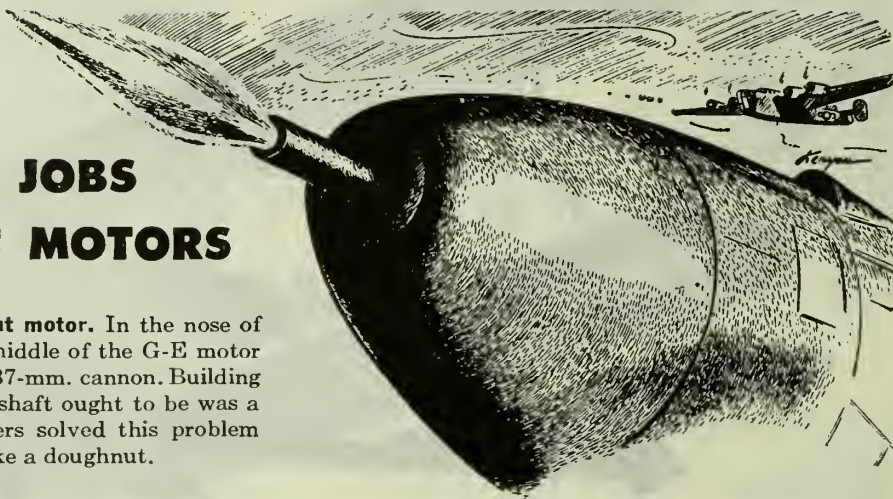


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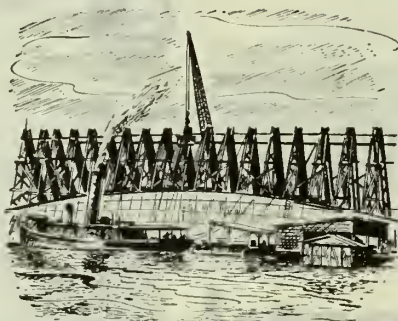


## STRANGE JOBS FOR ELECTRIC MOTORS

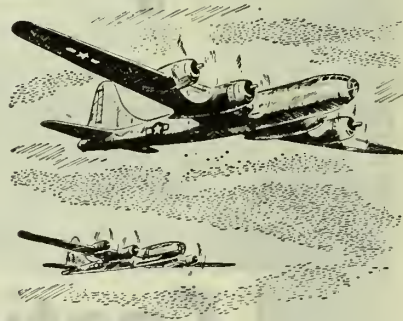
**Cannon shoots through doughnut motor.** In the nose of this fighter plane, right in the middle of the G-E motor that feathers the propeller, is a 37-mm. cannon. Building a motor with a hole where the shaft ought to be was a brain twister, but G-E engineers solved this problem with an electric motor shaped like a doughnut.



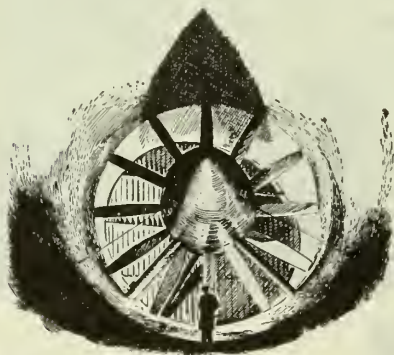
**This Tom Thumb motor** loads the guns on our bombers and fighters. Other electric motors raise and lower wheels, open bomb bay doors. War requires 40,000 different motor models, keeping G-E research and engineering men busy.



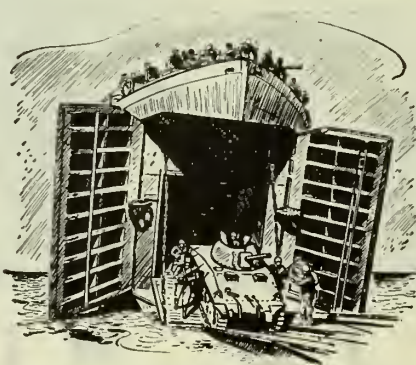
**Turning a battleship over.** 21 G-E motors teamed up for 21-thousand-ton pull to turn the capsized *Oklahoma* right side up at Pearl Harbor. Electric motors see action on every front, in weapons, and in tools to repair them in the field.



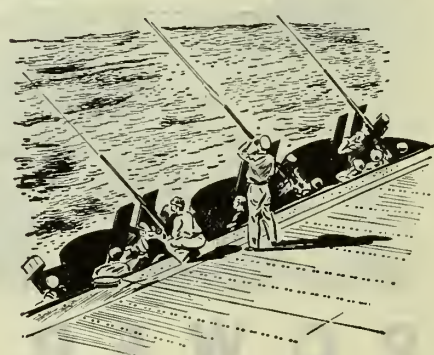
**B-29 Superfortress.** 150 electric motors act as muscles beneath the sleek exterior of the B-29. They power, among other things, the gun turrets in the G-E designed fire-control system that arms the Superfort against attack.



**Outblowing a hurricane.** This twelve-bladed fan has 18,000 horsepower behind it, from one giant electric motor. In wind tunnels like this, G-E motors, sometimes totalling 30,000 hp., produce winds five times as strong as a hurricane.



**Push-button doormen for LST's.** Push a button, and out pops a tank. It's not quite that simple, but the doors and ramp on an LST are opened, at the push of a button, by electric motors. On an LST, there are 140 electric motors.



**Cooling guns.** Anti-aircraft guns are cooled by electrically driven pumps which circulate cooling fluid around their barrels. There are more than 900 electric motors on a battleship. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

- General Electric produced 7 million horsepower of electric motors in 1943.
- Over 2 million G-E electric motors will join the armed services this year.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

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The padre didn't think he was taking too many chances with snipers

ALL night long I had lain in the fox-hole with Captain Reginald Bilado, listening to the crack of rifles, the stuttering of machine guns and the burst of hand grenades in the battalion holding the sector of the Munda front just to our right. At first light I got up, breakfasted on a can of cold, tallowy beef stew and, dodging sniper fire, walked over to get the story of the fighting in the night.

The wounded were being taken back to the rear, borne on litters made by stretching a blanket or a shelter half between two peeled saplings. Behind the wounded, borne on the same kind of litters, came the dead. Leading the procession was Father Neil Doyle, a handsome young Irish priest with the build of a Loyola fullback. "The infiltrators got them," he said. "Eight men killed in my outfit. Come and help us bury the dead."

He led the way up the muddy jungle path, past the litters of wounded, toward the top of the hill. At the hilltop we broke off through the undergrowth and soon came to a newly cleared space under a towering banyan tree where a group of weary soldiers were digging the last of the eight graves.

Even before all the dead were brought up, snipers in the surrounding trees were firing at the burial party. A few of the soldiers hit the ground, but most of them,

# Faithful Unto Death

*A True Tale of Munda*

*By Charles Franklin Edmundson*

like Father Doyle, took less notice than civilians would of exploding firecrackers.

A soldier named Stephanski, from Milwaukee, began talking to me.

"This banyan tree," he explained, "just yesterday morning was a Japanese strong-point. You can see back there in the roots where they had their machine gun. We finally got them out with a flamethrower."

He pointed to a wrecked flamethrower half-hidden by vines.

"We shot two snipers out of this tree," he went on, "but I'm pretty sure there are some more up there. It's so tall you can't see their nests."

By now the rest of the dead had been

brought up, each corpse laid lengthwise at the edge of a grave. A few litter-bearers remained for the service, welcoming a rest from their hard labor. The only others present were a handful of the comrades of the dead.

The men stop talking as the chaplain takes his place at the front of the graves. There is no music and no song, except the siren whine of artillery shells passing overhead on their way toward the enemy line a quarter of a mile away. Father Doyle wears no stole, nor anything to distinguish him from other soldiers except the small gold cross on his collar. He holds the Catholic Book of Services.

He starts reading, and his text is the  
(Continued on page 33)





Covered by a machine gun, the two Germans knew they had only a few minutes in which to convince their comrades to surrender

## "You Die for France"

*By Paul Archinard*

NBC Correspondent in Berne, Switzerland

**T**Wireless from French-Swiss Border IRES gnawed at the gravel as the little black car slipped past the steel barrier and came to a stop on the Swiss side of Perly-St. Julien border. I had been sitting around part of the afternoon, anxiously waiting news out of France, where fighting was still in progress around Annecy.

As the car slithered to a stop, I bounded out of my chair to speak to the two bare-headed civilians, wearing wind-breaker jackets, who scrambled out of the car. While one of them arranged to continue their mission, I interviewed the other. Annecy had fallen to the French Forces of the Interior at 10:30 that morning, he said. There were eighteen hundred German prisoners and some four hundred German dead.

How the French Forces of the Interior softened up the Germans before Patch's soldiers hit the Riviera in mid-August

And he told me, grimly, that there was still plenty of fighting in the Albertville area.

Succinctly, in staccato sentences, he told me his story; then he was off again, with a pack of cigarettes I had given him.

I had been talking to Captain Niveau of the American Army. But I didn't know it. Our conversation had been carried out in French, and neither of us knew the other's identity until we met the following day at FFI headquarters in Annecy.

Three months before, when the Maquis was still restricted to small areas scattered throughout the mountains of Savoy, Montana-born Captain Niveau—that's not his real name—was parachuted as the American officer with the French resistance forces. For three months he lived the life of the

Maquisards and maintained contacts with the American command. Then, when fighting broke out in Savoy, and the FFI began the systematic mopping-up of German posts, he was instrumental in capturing some two hundred Germans on the Bonneville-Chamonix road. And incidentally—or perhaps not incidentally—he succeeded in saving the lives of thirty-three French hostages.

The story is this. A batch of Nazis were trapped in a barricaded building by the FFI. The Nazis refused to surrender and threatened to execute hostages if they were attacked. It was an embarrassing situation for the French commander.

With many other jobs where his men were needed, there wasn't time to waste. However, he hesitated to make a decision

(Continued on page 39)

Drawing by BETTINA STEINKE



# THE BELLS RING FREE AGAIN

BY STEUART M. EMERY

*Across the risen land of France where patient towns are free,  
Across the war-racked, shell-ripped fields of ancient victory,  
From ivied towers and spires of stone, their long, long dream come true,  
There speak the bells of olden names the A.E.F. once knew.  
The bells of Montfaucon peal out, Cantigny's bells are there,  
The chimes of Soissons and of Rheims, Buzancy's bells, ring fair,  
From Château-Thierry and Verdun they chorus to Stenay:  
"The endless, silent night is past! Ah, nous sommes libérés!"*

*"Four weary years beneath the boot, one hope flamed through our pain:  
'The men in O.D. freed us once, their sons will come again.'  
Four years we took the heel, the whip, the chain, the wall, the rack,  
And then for blazing days we watched the Wehrmacht's might reel back.  
Our cobbled streets streamed maddened rout as gray-green hordes were driven,  
The Marne crashed battle once again, the Argonne Woods were riven  
As, mile on mile of grinding tanks with infantry astride,  
The armor of America surged in a lightning tide.*

*"Wyoming's men and Iowa's and Michigan's and Maine's,  
The fighting Yanks of every State poured through our cheering lanes;  
They only cast a word behind we caught amid their roar:  
'We're here to finish up the job the others did before.'  
They paused for nothing as they thrust, the order 'Forward!' stood,  
Relentless in their steely rush they rolled past Belleau Wood,  
Where, under rows of crosses white, the men of '18 lie  
And there were men in tanks and trucks who passed their fathers by.*

*"They did not halt at St. Mihiel, they hurtled hard through Vaux,  
They stormed the path to Thiaucourt and took it at a blow;  
Ah, non! these Yanks they did not stop for flowers, food or wine  
But gaunt and grim and terrible they thundered for the Rhine.  
We watched their columns race until they vanished in the east  
To blast and rend the frontier wall and crush the German beast,  
And now the bells of olden names are singing clear and free:  
"The road was long, the road was red, the end is victory!"*



# Hedgerows of Hell

By HAMILTON GREENE

**The Price They Paid in Normandy Was Terrific. But Their Sacrifices Brought the Breakthrough That Freed France**

Illustrations Made by  
the Author at the Front

*Somewhere in France*

I THINK you ought to know something about Pete's outfit, because our country owes them something. For three smoky, misty weeks during last July, those boys wrote a chapter in military history. They wrote it with blood.

This infantry Division landed at the Beach on D plus 12, and on D plus 20 they relieved Airborne troops who were holding defensive positions near Carentan. A little later they were joined by several other Divisions, and on July 4th they started their drive across the neck of the Cherbourg peninsula. For some time they spearheaded this attack and that's when they met the hedgerows.

Nobody had told these boys about the hedgerows and what they learned about them, they learned the hard way. If I could tell you how many casualties they sustained from the beginning of the attack until the St. Lo breakthrough, your hair would stand on end.

All the characters in this sketch are necessarily composite, yet every single experience I've described happened every day. This is the battle of the hedgerows. Take a look at it.

The Sergeant waved his arm and the boys took off. Four men had already plunged through the corner gap when Pete, head low and M-1 clutched in both hands, pounded after them and hit the dirt. The usual ditch was there leading to the far hedgerow, and Pete could see the boys ahead wriggling like snakes and making time, but they sure had their backs down. Back of Pete, the supporting fire from the .30 calibre crew was making the morning hideous with noise. Pete kept his face close to the ground, but he knew that old light machine gun was making the far hedgerow fairly jump with lead.

Pete guessed they were halfway down

the border hedgerow when the Jerry mortars first came in, laying a precise line right down the ditch. And what a noise they made! They gave no warning like the long whine of a 105. They were on you with a sudden whistling roar like a fast express, and you hardly had time to flatten before the air was shattered with noise and steel. "Oh! Ph!" thought Pete. "My achin' back!"

He crawled over Jerausky, not stopping, knowing without looking that Jerausky's war was over. Later, but not now, Pete



would know an acute sense of loss because Jerausky was the toughest little soldat in the Division, and the squad needed him. Pete owed him 120 francs.

He flattened again with automatic suddenness and a mortar fragment clanged off his helmet and whistled into the hedge on his left. Beyond knowing he was still there, Pete's mind was void. He knew he had reached the end of the ditch only when

They got through the hedge all right,  
but after that . . .





ne found himself hugging the corner of the hedgerow.

The twisted barrel of a machine gun was visible in a welter of broken earth above him, and Pete knew the bazooka crew had laid one right on the button. His movements were automatic. He pulled a grenade from his canteen cover, yanked on the ring, and let the pressure off the spring. "One—two—three—four," he murmured and his arm swept up in a gentle arc toward the top of the bank. The earth jumped and Pete knew he'd got an air burst dead over the hedge. Maybe the Jerry crew had been killed before, but if they hadn't been, they'd be pretty sick Jerries by now.

Pete worked in along the shallow ditch toward the center of the hedgerow and by that time the rest of the squad was coming in, their eyes white and wild beneath their helmet rims. They spaced themselves 10 yards apart, hugging the bank, and wondered how in hell they'd ever got there.

For the time being, all they were preoccupied with was pushing a narrow front through the hedgerow-bordered fields that lay astride the blacktop road from Carentan to Periers.

You probably remember the newspaper maps during the weeks following D day, and how our lines never seemed to move

much. You may have wondered what the trouble was. Well, these boys here could have told you. It was those lousy hedgerows.

The squad didn't know, and in fact had no interest in knowing that hedgerow fighting would be recalled, argued about and written about as long as tactical operations remain under discussion. What they did know was that no two companies used exactly the same system, and that every platoon leader had his own ideas of how to attack them. The regimental commanders were constantly employing trial and error, and the squad felt it was mostly error.

To Pete and the other GI's huddling against the hedgerow, it was very personal warfare. When every kid took off, he knew it was his own particular problem as to how to keep alive. His reflexes, conditioned by experience, dictated every move. He fell, turned, rolled, fired, went forward or dug in, entirely by instinct. And the day his instincts weren't working well, was the day he died. Notwithstanding the preparation, the planning, and the leadership of their officers, these riflemen still remained

*(Continued on page 32)*





By FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

# Tough Spot

were as suspicious and apprehensive as a farmer kid lost in a city red light district.

Sarge kept his head down and said, "Those Jap spotters may be close or a mile from here. Unless they get too smart and tip their hand, we'll have to go through this sector with a fine tooth comb, and that'll cost a lot of men."

Our officers had been killed and Sarge was feeling the weight of command. We had a swell deal, defensively, and could throw back any ground attack. Bombing or artillery would be something else. But the Japs had plenty of machine gun and sniper power concentrated on us.

Sarge said, "Let's simmer down and let 'em make a move. They can get the jitters if things are too quiet. We've given 'em reason often enough."

A lusty voice a hundred yards to our left bellowed, "Hey, you guys! Listen to this! We grabbed a Nip receiver! World series game on! Ingram pitching!"

"Ingram pitching!" Sarge repeated—and almost forgot the war. I saw him feel of his right arm. When the Japs hit Pearl Harbor that arm was worth a hundred thousand bucks to one big league club. To Sarge it had meant a chance to lay aside enough dough in ten or fifteen years to take care of him and his family—if he married and he probably would—for life. From the day he joined the Army, in December, 1941, he hadn't let that arm cramp his style. It wasn't the best pitching arm in the United States—it was just another arm working for Mr. Whiskers. But you

The jungle fighters had tuned in on the series, although the Japs were all about them. And then the sergeant who was in command of the company did the queerest thing . . .

couldn't blame him for thinking about it once in awhile.

"Ingram pitching," Sarge said again. "World series, after all these years. Every man who fought in World War I will be tuned in on this game—and plugging for him to win."

If you're forty years plus, and interested in baseball, you'll remember Ingram. You'll remember that Ingram, practically a school kid, was the pitching sensation in 1916, and that he was expected to crack records in 1917. In late April, 1917, he joined the Army. Early in 1918 he got a bullet through his pitching arm, which raised the devil with the muscles and nerves. He must have spent two years get-

THAT last one from the Jap sniper was close and I said, "Keep your damned head down, Sarge. A dead infantryman kills no Japs." We were taking another hunk of Jap territory and as usual the price was high. We needed artillery support to push ahead, but Jap artillery was raising hell with ours as it was landed, which meant that they had observers somewhere ahead of us. And *that* meant that we had to push on without support until we located the monkey men who were giving the Jap heavy stuff our range. And were those babies calling their shots!

Well, why shouldn't they? They'd been there for years, knew every square inch of ground and were all set. Besides that, they were full of smart tricks as usual—yelling at us in our own slanguage, which they had learned when they had gone to school with us. At night they'd go through our chow lines to pick up information—and get a decent meal. An American-raised Jap can get plenty sick of Jap chow. So we



They poured a devastating burst of machine-gun fire right into the thicket





Illustrated by PERCY LEASON

thought from time to time. "Some of these days," Ingram would say when he met the old gang at Legion conventions, "the old starboard fin will be *right*. It's important to me, but it's more important to other fellows who were hurt and are wondering if they'll ever cut the mustard."

It was ironical that the First World War denied him his big chance, and that World War II was giving it back to him again by drafting many of the best pitchers. Now as I looked at Sarge I thought, *but for this war you'd be up there on that old mound pitching and he'd be on the bench. No, he'd be out of baseball.*

The broadcast came faintly and Sarge almost forgot and stuck up his head to catch the play. "Increase the volume!" he yelled.

"Reception isn't too hot!" the other answered.

"Do your best, fella! Who are you?"

"Adams, T-Three."

"Where you from?"

"Philadelphia," the other answered.

"You don't say!" Sarge explained.

"Where'd you live?"

"Mister," Adams answered, "I was born and raised within seven blocks of Independence Hall."

"As American as they come," Sarge yelled.

Off to the right the Japs are setting up a couple of machine guns to wipe us out—or keep us from grabbing the spot. We'd have taken it earlier if they hadn't pinned us down. It takes ten minutes to wipe 'em out. Their heavy stuff comes in, but they can't shoot around corners, so all it does is to drown out the broadcast. Quiet comes and Sarge yells, "What inning, Adams?"

We get it faintly, "Ingram in trouble. The bases are full and nobody out." Sarge shook his head. "What a tough spot to be in!" A corporal added, "None tougher!" I yell, "Get that damned head down, Sarge!"

Then the broadcast again, "Ball four! The runners move up. A score is in. Ingram is burned up. So are the grandstand umpires. They don't see eye to eye with Umpire Kelso."

"Kelso always was a robber," the corporal growled. A savage murmur of resentment ran through the others. I yanked Sarge down. The broadcast was fading again and unconsciously he had lifted his head. Machine gun bullets whined over us as his head came down. By that margin he'd missed death.

Evidently Ingram had continued the argument because the broadcaster's voice came in again, "Ingram walks away. Now he's thought of something else to say. He's back. His chin is almost against Kelso's. The crowd is cheering and booing. Ingram may be tossed out of his first world series game. The umpire always has the last word. Now Kelso has turned his back. He's pulled the little broom out of his pocket and is doing a little housekeeping around the plate. Ingram is going back to the mound." The broadcast faded again.

"Boy!" the corporal exclaimed. "For a few seconds we weren't fighting the goddam Jap. We were back home."

I wondered what the Japs thought. Half of the outfit was booing the umpire.

Adams yelled, "If you guys can make it here. I think we can flank the yellow bastards. What about it?"

"We've got to get some of their snipers first. We'd be wiped out before we got half way there," Sarge answered. "What about that ball game?"

"Reception is lousy," Adams answered. "Eighth inning. Score's all tied up. Ingram's got the bases loaded again and nobody out. They're warming up another pitcher."

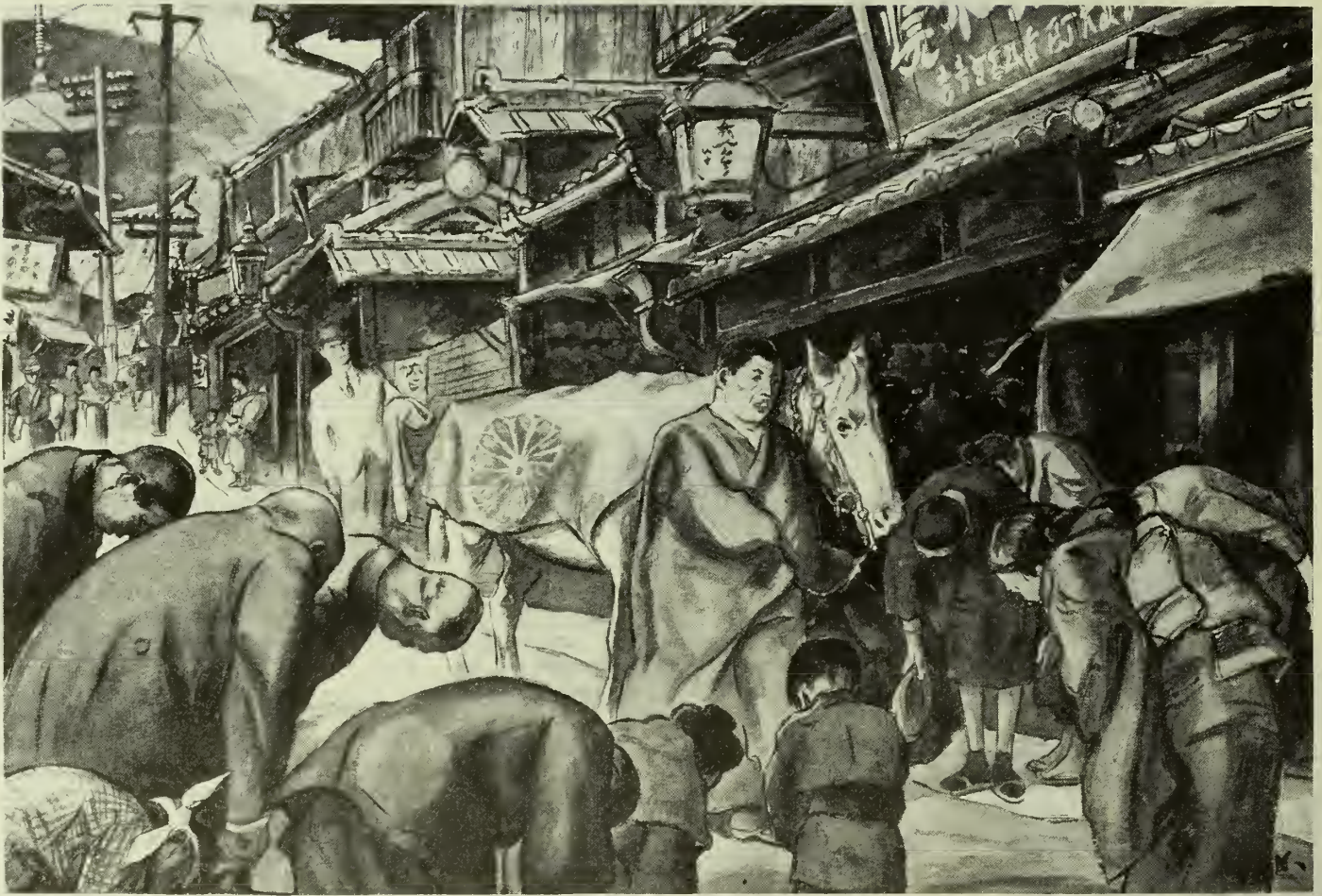
"Geez!" Sarge said. I saw him rub his right arm again. "What a tough spot the old boy's in." He began to sweat, as if feeling Ingram's pressure. "He's got to get 'em over. A base on balls will break the tie." (Continued on page 30)

ting that arm into shape. Then he began all over again in the minors.

He was good, but sometimes his arm would let him down. Sports writers, players and the public called it "a trick arm." Sometimes they'd say, "You paid too much, Ingram." And he'd answer, "Naw! Naw, I didn't pay too much. What about the guys who didn't come back?"

He went up to the majors several times, but his arm wasn't up to the competition when the chips were down. But he never stopped working on it. Specialists who were ball fans gave that arm a lot of





They were bowing reverently to the white horse of the emperor

# After We've Occupied Japan

*By J. B. Powell*

JAPAN and Germany have much in common aside from their partnership in the war. The custom of emperor-worship in Japan has a close kinship with the old theory of divine right of kings which prevailed in Germany in the days of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Japan and Germany are practically of the same age politically due to the fact that the birth of the German Empire in 1871 corresponds roughly to the "restoration" of the Japanese Empire which dates from about 1867, or some four years earlier than the German triumph at Versailles.

When Kaiser Wilhelm was crowned King of Prussia in 1861 he declared, "I rule by the favor of God and no one else." Despite this claim to divine favor, however, we had no compunction in demanding his grandson's abdication toward the close of World War I. It is well to keep this in mind when we hear people say that Emperor Hirohito of Japan should be kept on the throne because the Japanese people worship him as the "Son of Heaven."

Known affectionately as "J.B." to Americans in China, Mr. Powell had been a newspaperman in Shanghai for 24 years when the Japs occupied that city, after Pearl Harbor. The Japs hated him for his consistent opposition to their imperial ambitions, and due to their inhuman treatment while he was their prisoner gangrene developed in both feet, most of which he lost. He has been undergoing treatment in hospital since his repatriation on the "Gripsholm" in 1942

Shintoism, the state religion in Japan, compels every man, woman and child to worship the emperor as a divine being, the Son of God. It probably originated as primitive worship of the natural forces such as the gods of land, sea, air, mountains and forests, but the Japanese went a step further and transformed nature worship, plus an admixture of ancestor worship, into a state religion known as "Imperial Shinto."

Under this system all natural forces are personified in the emperor, hence he must be worshipped as a god.

But while nature worship dates back to primitive times, Shinto or Emperor-worship is a comparatively recent development which was invented by Japanese empire builders who needed a super-political sanction in order to foster domestic unity on the ruins of clan feudalism which was discarded only three-quarters of a century ago at the time of the restoration. Shinto shrines throughout the empire and in ter-

*(Continued on page 48)*

Drawing by G. VAN WERVEKE



# *Rough and Ready for Action*

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*Prepared from Front Line Photos from  
Acme and U. S. Army Signal Corps*



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# PRESTONE

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## *Anti-Freeze*





Eddie presents the check to Mrs. Peers. She and PFC Peers plan to buy a farm

## GI Joe, Swell Guy

By **EDDIE CANTOR**

**Y**OU get an authentic, unvarnished picture of what GI Joe is really like when you receive over half a million letters about him. It's like listening to the heartbeat of a nation.

When I announced the winner of the GI Joe Contest to a nationwide audience over National Broadcasting Company stations, it wasn't only PFC Charles William Peers, Jr., of whom I had a mental image; it was every man in the service of the United States. I got a very solid picture of what the American lad in service is like, and it made me feel pretty good. For Bill Peers represents every GI Joe, every single one. He's an ambassador to be proud of.

I learned a lot of things during this contest to find the typical service man. I

learned he is shy: only ten percent of the half million letters came from service men themselves. I learned he is ace high with the folks at home: ninety percent came from them. The average age of GI Joe is 20 years; he weighs 170 pounds; he is 5 feet, 8 inches tall, and he's married. Those are the dry statistics. But on and above

It seems there was a letter contest, and Eddie Cantor, who thought it up, found out a lot about GI Joe. The winning letter appears on page 44

that he's a half-tender, half-tough kind of guy, with lots of guts—a swell guy. And he has a wife worth coming home to.

I won't forget in a hurry that night when I presented the \$5,000 award to Mrs. Peers for writing the winning letter. It was during my broadcast, but I didn't feel a great deal like smiling. Because little Mrs. Peers, not very old herself, had brought along their baby, the sweetest nine-months-old girl you'd ever want to see. As I held the kid in my arms, I realized that I was doing what her father, Bill Peers, had never done. You see, he'd never even seen her. Every time he'd get a furlough, he'd be shipped to another theater of war. That made Bill "typical" too: Many boys are in the same boat.

(Continued on page 44)





They killed half of the Germans and sent the rest scurrying in naked terror

The Greeks Have a Name for Them. It's

# Andartes

By GRANT PARR

*By Wireless from Cairo, Egypt.*

FOR the twenty minutes that seemed like twenty years, the American sappers had been gambling life and mission against dark death among the steel girders of the trestle. It was in Greece. German pillboxes, with guns trained on the bridge, could be made out vaguely in the moonless night. Uncomfortably near was a sizeable force of Bulgarian troops, alert for sabotage such as this now underway. Then all hell broke loose.

Machine-gun bullets zinged through the air and splattered here and there against the girders behind which the Americans crouched. Caught in the act of placing the charges and laying the detonating lines, they not only faced the death that rides with German bullets, but were in imminent danger of being blown sky high by their own explosives, if enemy fire should score a hit. The pillboxes were throwing everything they had in the way of fire and steel.

Then the Andartes went into action.

Possibly you haven't heard much about the Andartes, back there in America. No

doubt the name lacks the familiar ring of the Maquis of France, or the Partisans of Yugoslavia, or other underground groups. But you will probably hear more and more about them. The Andartes, working with British and American liaison officers, fought the Battle of Greece. They were organized about a year ago by General Napoleon Zarvas, after he broke with the guerrilla group known as the Edes.

Perhaps back in America you haven't heard much about the Edes, either, of the Eams (National Popular Front), or any other of the factions existing among and to some degree diverting the common aim of Greek patriots. It is a long story and perhaps best told after the victory. But this story is about the Andartes.

One hundred and thirty-five of Zarvas' men were standing by in the shadows as the Americans laid the explosives. When the enemy opened fire, the Andartes sprang into their prearranged offensive, with weapons flown in by the Allies or smuggled into one of the thousands of gulfs that break up the Greek shoreline. The Americans, with dynamite in one hand and death

Working with the British and Americans who made their way into their country, the Greek Andartes were a thorn in the flesh to the uneasy Germans guarding the southern Balkans

Drawing by WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

in the other, completed their work; threw the detonating switch and withdrew with their underground allies as the trestle crashed and settled into the stream. The work was done before the Bulgarians could reach the scene.

The next night, a smaller bridge was blown up in the same locality, and altogether German transportation on a vital line was disrupted for several weeks.

Thus the Battle of Greece continued—the battle the Germans thought they had won in April of 1941. In 1944 the tempo of this battle was speeded, and Allied supplies reached the patriots more or less regularly and Allied officers joined up. Actually, it was the Battle of the Balkans, for British and American liaison men were with Tito's forces in Yugoslavia, too, although there they concentrated on supply and intelligence work, the Partisans choosing to fight independently.

Thus actual, if small-scale, Allied invasion of the Balkans became a fact many months ago.

The guerrilla movement in Greece never reached the scale obtained in Yugoslavia. There are a number of reasons, as seen here in Cairo. A factor not to be overlooked is the German system of taking hostages. Certainly in some sections fear of reprisal

(Continued on page 50)



The grave of an unidentified airman is a challenge to his ingenuity

Drawing by GRATTAN CONDON



**T**HIS is the story of Fred Zinn, who carries on one of the strangest jobs you ever heard of.

Fred is a searcher for the dead. He began his strange occupation in World War I. Today he continues, stalking across Africa, Italy, Sicily—maybe he's in France or Germany now. Fred is unknown to most of the military personnel, has no official title for his odd mission, no assistants, no transportation except what he can beg, no glory. He's locating the last traces of airmen missing in action.

Many times, officers who were in the last war see him passing camp in the early dawn or evening, his eyes searching, and they try to recall where they saw him before.

Fred works alone, doing his lonely searching sometimes long after the battle forces have moved away. He works on meager clues, doggedly keeping to the faint trail of a name. A bit of wrecked plane to localize the hunt for a grave. An initialed handkerchief, a scrap of paper on which some dying flyer has scrawled his name, a worn envelope.

Across North Africa he plodded for weary months, questioning Tauregs and Berbers and burnoosed Arabs. In Sicily and Italy he interviewed countless farmers who had witnessed plane crashes. Obtaining the record of one lost airman has often required days of searching through old registry books, air force victory records and a maze of documentary material. No clue is left unchecked.

## *On the Trail of the Missing*

*By Robert M. Hyatt*

Fred's work is wholly humanitarian. Though he ranks as an Army major, he expects nothing, asks no glory. In peacetime he was a mild-mannered feed merchant with stores in Detroit, Jackson and Battle Creek, Michigan, a business which his brother Donald operates while Fred roams the fighting fronts. The thing that drives him on is in his pocket. Someone's terse message which says in part "regret to inform you . . . missing in action . . ."

At the start of the last war Zinn, a kid just out of the University of Michigan, went to Europe. In 1915 he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion, worked up to sergeant, received the Croix de Guerre, was wounded at Champagne, listed as missing in action, and finally rejoined his outfit.

When the Yanks arrived he transferred to the Lafayette Escadrille as a captain and served as aerial machine-gunner and observer. His thoroughness caused Lt. Col.

**Meet Major Fred Zinn, World War I veteran who has one of the strangest jobs in this war**

Billy Mitchell to pick him to organize aerial photo work, and then he was placed in charge of assigning American flying personnel.

"I got to know those boys pretty well," Fred says. "It was I who sent them to their squadrons and their particular planes. I sort of felt I was the one who was sending them on their missions."

Many of those kids never returned.

The "regret to inform you" messages started back across the Atlantic. Capt. Zinn, who already had been overseas more than four years, asked permission to stay and seek out the story of each of the 200 he had known.

So began his strange quest. Through Belgium, northern France and Germany; through shell-torn fields and woods of the Verdun sector, Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Meuse. He trudged through the Argonne to Sedan and into the mountains that encircle Metz and cloak the valley of the Moselle. He went to Berlin and studied records of German air victories and returned to the search of the battlefields.

He tapped every source for information—police, civilians, peasants. All told stories, sometimes far-fetched and conflicting, but which eventually pieced together each individual puzzle of a missing pilot.

This information Captain Zinn turned over to the War Department to be relayed to the families of the men in question.

When he finally left Europe as a major in July, 1919, only six of the 200 airmen still were listed as missing. Fred Zinn had done his work well.



# A Little Matter of Rank

By STUART LITTLE



"Hiya, Fatso?" sang out the cheerful ditch-digging buck to the colonel

**W**HEN I was a basic trainee at Camp Pickett, Virginia, certain merry-andrews were wont to address letters to me as follows: Private (Not Even First Class) Stuart Little, or,

Private (Worst Class) Stuart Little.

These light-hearted communications were high spots in the life of the mail clerk, who added to the gayety of my fellow basic trainees by reading aloud at mail call the names and ranks of the return addressees, often colonels and brigadier generals.

That these high rankers had been my classmates with whom I had graduated from West Point in 1918 and were my friends of more than a quarter of a century, warranted them certain liberties and familiarities. But it rankled at times to have the loud-voiced clerk confide to 300 fellow soldiers that "Worst Class Little has a letter from another Brigadier."

There were a considerable number of these soldiers who doubted the existence of the colonels and generals. They argued, with some logic, that there was a trick in it somewhere; that no officer would put himself out to address comic letters to an aging buck private. That argument died dramatically.

One day a colonel, strolling through the battalion area, found me and several of my unhappy comrades digging a drainage ditch. The colonel looked me over carefully.

"Are you," he asked incredulously, "Stu Little?"

"Hiya, Fatso," I said.

The rest of the detail came close to fainting. They were still bemused when the colonel, taking me by the arm, urged, "Come along. I want to hear about this, Stu."

During the eight months I was a G.I. at Pickett, I never did try to explain how come I could call a colonel by an uncomplimentary nickname without finding myself in the guardhouse; I did not tell anyone, either, that I had graduated from the United States Military Academy, The Infantry School and the Quartermaster Corps School; that I had been a lieutenant in the Regular Army for five years and, after that, had been a captain in the National Guard.

It was all in my service record, sure, but no one had checked it—there had been no occasion for checking it.

So my company commander knew nothing of my history when he called me into the orderly room one day.

"Little," he said, "why don't you apply for Officers' Candidate School. I've an idea that with a little schooling you might make the grade. As a matter of fact, I think enough of you and your ability so that I'm making you a corporal."

He did and I applied for OCS. But I never got to OCS.

Four months later, on March 19, 1943—

**Some of the harrowing experiences of a man who was a Regular Army officer long before he became a buck private**

oh, happy day—I was again busy with the shovel that had become my alter ego. I was shoveling ashes into a 2½ ton truck. I'd been shoveling ashes into a 2½ ton truck for two weeks.

Spring was arriving in southern Virginia. The birds were singing and some of the hardier crocuses had already stuck out their little green noodles on the Camp Headquarters lawn.

Under these same skies, I reflected, another Corporal Little—my grandfather, Corporal James A. Little of the Fifth Artillery—had worked with a shovel on the picket lines where the animals of his outfit were tethered 80 years before. Until his death, which followed close on the heels of a tumultuous GAR convention at Elmira, N. Y., he always spoke with considerable awe of Virginia and particularly its male inhabitants.

I dismissed Grandpa from my thoughts, that memorable day, and stood leaning on my shovel, wondering whether I could slip undetected to the PX for a quick beer.

The First Sergeant hove into view, beaming. This latter I regarded as a highly suspicious circumstance and was doubly assured in this surmise when he came to a halt, saluted and said in a singularly servile fashion:

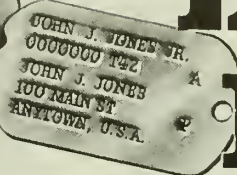
"Sir, there is a telegram for you, Sir."

"Don't call me Sir, Joe," I said.

"Sir, you'll unnerstand when you read the telegram, Sir," the sergeant insisted, smiling.

(Continued on page 42)





# DOG TAG DOINGS



News and Views of Today's GI's around the Globe



Letters from home of greatest importance? No, says one GI—*snapshots from home* rate that call, and submits the above picture, taken at Lawson Field, Fort Benning, Georgia, as proof

**A**LL of you folks back home had better get set for a shock! After the repeated pronouncements in the public press and the almost-hourly preachments on the radio about the paramount importance of keeping your men and women in uniform swamped with letters, we find there is something of even greater importance than mail. We were led to believe that letters ranked with sufficient chow and ammunition in keeping up the morale of our men and women in uniform. But not so!

Proof? Well, what do you think that quartette of Air Corps groundmen in the picture up above are so happy about? Staff Sergeant Thomas F. Hefferin of the Sixth Army Air Field Base Unit, Section A, at

Lawson Field, Fort Benning, Georgia, who sent us the photograph, tersely explains that the cause for the shared happiness is "Snapshots from Home," and then adds:

There's an old Chinese saying to the effect that "One picture equals a thousand words." One picture in itself tells the story, leaving little to the imagination, as but few letters can. Receiving a picture of those foremost in his thoughts is like a quick furlough home to any soldier or sailor or marine or coastguardsman—and that goes for the girls in uniform, too.

Away from my own home, I constantly see the enthusiasm and delight in the expressions of those fellow-soldiers fortunate enough to receive the hoped-for pictures. And those pictures are something that can be shared with their buddies and with any-

one else they can waylay to show them to.

So the purpose of my photograph "Snapshots from Home" is to stress to families and friends of guys and gals in uniform that pictures are the greatest morale builders those in the service can receive. Of course, we know that film is scarce for civilian use and that every letter cannot contain snapshots, and we also admit the importance of letters themselves, but whenever possible snapshots of the family or the girl friend or of the favorite pooch back home should be sent along.

**T**HE toast of service airmen, "Happy Landings!" stems from the other, earlier World War, and we think it is still in quite general use among the youngsters now doing such a bang-up job in helping to win this war which covers most corners of the globe. But we'd like to broadcast through these columns a more inclusive toast which fittingly covers all branches of the service. We'll ask Harrie W. Pearson, major, Transportation Corps, of 624 Dumaine Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, to propose the toast and to explain, if that should be necessary for our audience, his interpretation of it:

"May your dog tags never be separated!" That, I believe, is a fine GI toast which you might like to introduce through your columns. As a Legionnaire and veteran of the First World War and now retreaded for service to my country in this one, I have been very impressed by the new department 'Dog Tag Doings' in our American Legion Magazine.

"I feel sure that the significance of the toast will be well understood by you and all of our comrades of both World Wars. The words refer, of course, to a hope that the





dog tags will never be required for identification—one staying with the body and the other being attached to records that are forwarded to headquarters."

**E**VEN home was never like this!—if you want to take at face-value the photograph reproduced on this page. Breakfast in a bunk in a barracks for a buck private?—and served by the Top Kick himself?

The old Company Clerk has admitted before that some of the old gang of 1917-'18, including himself, rather resented some of the refinements of the present service and some of the privileges given the rank and file during their training. But what a bang-up job those kids have been doing across the Atlantic and across the Pacific and up in the Aleutians and in other widely-separated fields of action, since the scrap really got under way.

But Staff Sergeant George E. Toles, from down Camp Lee, Virginia, way, explodes the whole thing in this brief note which accompanied the picture:

In the Army, this could happen only in a dream—the first sergeant serving a private his breakfast in bed.

But just to illustrate how it would look in the land of make-believe, 1st Sergeant William Coffin, Jr., Top Kick of Company A, 12th Army Service Forces Training Regiment, down here at Lee, brings a tray to Private Robert L. Thomas of his company.

"Hope my reputation as a tough top sergeant isn't blasted by this picture," Thomas could only exclaim, after we had used much persuasion to get him to help put over the gag. . . .

Let's follow up that breakfast - in - bed gag with a bit of lunch or an after - supper snack—as related also by the same guy, Toles, who does stroll around and keeps his eyes and ears open. Let's go, Sarge:

This story isn't baloney. It's strictly Ham-Burger.

Living in the same barracks in Company H of the 12th Regiment at Camp Lee is a Ham-Burger quartette of basic trainees, composed of two Hams and two Burgers.

Private Harley M. Ham, of Linton, Indiana, is not related to his bunk-mate Private Edward Hamm, Jr., of Fresno, California. But Privates Edward L. Burger



and Roland J. Burger are really brothers. Sun-tanned by the hot Virginia sun, they are referred to by their buddies as the "well-done Ham-Burgers"!

**H**OW many of the class remember that official Marine Corps photograph of the "Tojo Ice Company" which appeared as an illustration for the then-unnamed "Dog Tag Doings" department when it made its bow in your Legion Magazine just



Top Kick William Coffin, Jr., Company A, 12th Regiment, at Camp Lee, Virginia, smilingly serves breakfast-in-bed to Buck Private Robert L. Thomas of his company. A gag? Well, what do you think?





It's early history now for this war, but above we see famed Henderson Field on Guadalcanal in the making during the late summer of 1942. It had been part of a coconut grove when the Seabees started construction

a year ago—in the issue of November, 1943? That picture was captioned: "Even the toughest fighting can't down the American sense of humor. In the Solomons, Marines take over an ice plant installed by the defeated Japs."

And now, how many remember the prompt letter that came from Seabee John J. Hillinger protesting such credit to the Marine Corps and advising us that the three men shown in the picture were members of the two companies of Seabees which had arrived on Guadalcanal in August, 1942? Hillinger added, he was "very proud that our battalion of Seabees was attached to the 1st Marine Division." That letter, which came from him when he was in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Great Lakes, Illinois, to which he had been invalided home from the Southwest Pacific, was included in these columns last January.

But along with that bow to the Marines, Hillinger started another possible argument although no healthy scrap ensued—when he continued: "Our battalion of Seabees in addition to building roads, bridges and maintaining such units as the ice plant and powerhouse, also can claim credit for building Henderson Field—and not the Army Engineers, as one newsreel commentator said last year."

We maintained liaison with Seabee Hillinger and finally had him send to us from his present assignment at the Receiving Station, U. S. Navy Yard at Charleston, South Carolina, a batch of snapshots which he had mentioned in one of his letters he had taken on Guadalcanal. Too bad space permits us to reproduce only one of this fine collection, but as long as he had told us the Seabees had constructed Henderson Field, we selected a picture of the field as it was at the beginning. Briefly, Hillinger

makes this report of the Seabee activities:

The snapshot you selected depicts Henderson Field during the early days of construction. The cleared space for the field had been a part of the coconut grove in the left background. Trees had been cut down, the stumps removed and the gravel base graded. Steel netting for the runways is shown being laid.

The coconut grove in the background is where Companies A and D and part of Headquarters Company were bivouacked during September, 1942.

Beyond the grove, along the horizon, was the jungle and the front lines. Since 1942, thousands of our troops have landed and have left Guadalcanal, and the newcomers can see the improvements since our pioneer days on the island.

**WE WON'T**, in accordance with his request, identify this veteran of some service in North Ireland and perhaps points beyond there, except to say he is W. L. C. of Washington, D. C., but his story should give most veterans and all practical jokers a laugh. He titled the anecdote, reputed to be true, "Hot Stuff":

We were camped at ———, North Ireland. Quarters and food were excellent and regimental spirit was high—too high, perhaps.

This yarn has to do with a highly-important but little-publicized factor in camp life: the latrine (Chick Sale to any civilian readers). To tell the story, the structure must be described: The conventional building, with an iron trough the entire length, flushed automatically and frequently from one end.

On this particular morning, a dozen separate compartments were fully occupied as popular smoking and reading cubicles.

I noticed a little fellow from New York who seemed to take an unusual interest in the flushing mechanism. He was outside the structure. I would have paid no attention but for the fact that he seemed to

be hiding under the latrine a bunch of excelsior about the size of a foot-ball.

Just as the automatic switch clicked, releasing the flow of water, this soldier snapped a cigarette-lighter, ignited the excelsior and threw it into the trough where the rush of water carried the blazing mass swiftly the whole length of the latrine directly beneath the denizens of the reading-room. Talk about "The yell that rent the mountain air  
"Of fierce defiance and despair."

Accelerando and fortissimo, the cubicles disgorged their much-disturbed occupants. The roar was heard by the Officer of the Day, who rushed up to the scene of the disorder, demanding, "Who did that?"  
Of course, nobody had!

**AND** here's a sign-off quickie that came from another Air Corps man down at Lawson Field, Ft. Benning, Georgia—PTC William G. Sears:

"During a recent Saturday morning inspection, the inspecting officer was quizzing the men on current affairs, customs, etc. He stopped and asked one of our corporals who the Secretary of the Navy was.

"Stumped, the corporal stood silent for a moment, then spoke bravely: 'Sir, I don't know. I'm an Army man!'"

**AS** WE have said on many occasions, this department of the magazine is wide open to service men and women for jokes, short anecdotes, gag cartoons and unusual pictures, all of which are paid for on acceptance. This section belongs to you folks, and we want you to move right in and take it over.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk



Sgt. J. F. Lowe, USMC

"Will you try it on for size?"



# Victory Bound

By ALEXANDER GARDINER

**M**EETING in Chicago for the third time in twelve years, The American Legion's National Convention in mid-September pledged anew its 1,400,000 members to unstinting support of the nation's war effort to complete victory. The three-day session in the famous old Coliseum marked the third time since Pearl Harbor that delegates to a Legion National Convention had carried on their deliberations without the accompaniment of those frills that in peacetime had made this annual gathering of the largest patriotic body in the nation's history a colorful pageant of Americanism.

The convention, 26th in a line that began in Minneapolis in 1919, carried on its activities in an atmosphere electric with the news of great Allied successes in Europe and in the Pacific. Scarcely a day before the opening session of September 18th came word of the great airborne invasion of Holland by a force of thousands of Americans, and before the delegates had wound up their business these troops had joined with British forces and had made possible a British tank advance across the Rhine north of the Siegfried Line. As news bulletins came over the tickers they were read to the delegates, and the stirring progress of Allied arms on all sectors of the fighting fronts furnished a victory-bound motif to the proceedings.

Chicago, which had entertained the Legion Conventions of 1933 and 1939, opened its heart to the 1782 delegates who represented a greater membership than had been achieved at any time in Legion history. Despite a shortage of rooms and rationing problems, the hotels did a magnificent job of caring for the thousands of Legionnaires, Auxiliaries and Forty and Eighters who came from all over the continental United States and from outlying possessions to chart the 1945 course for their respective organizations. The Chicago Legionnaires even put on a brave little parade, with the help of the outlying Posts in the city's own Cook County.

As its leader for the coming year, succeeding Warren H. Atherton of Stockton, California, the Legion named Edward N. Scheiberling, of Albany, New York, a 55-year-old attorney and civic leader who



The old and the new: National Commander Edward N. Scheiberling of Albany, N. Y., takes over from Warren H. Atherton

served in France with the 78th Division, winning promotion to a captaincy on October 26, 1918, during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. The new National Commander has had an active career in the Legion since he organized Capital City Post in Albany in 1919. He was Department Commander of New York in 1935-'36.

National Vice-Commanders chosen to serve with Mr. Scheiberling were: Dan M. McDade, of Portland, Ore.; Ray S. Pierson, of Burlington, Kan.; William T. Shadoan, of Wickliffe, Ky.; Bascom F. Jones, of Nashville, Tenn.; and Frank E. McCaffrey, of Providence, R. I.

Rev. DeWitt C. Mallory, pastor of the Jacksonville (Florida) Gospel Tabernacle, a Methodist minister, was named National Chaplain in succession to Rev. Fr. John F. McManus, of Kansas.

The convention renewed affirmation of support of the Government's foreign policy and repeated the language of the Omaha Convention of 1943 that "Our nation can best serve and protect its national interests, commensurate with its power and responsibilities, by participation in the establishment and maintenance of an association of free

and sovereign nations, implemented with whatever force may be necessary to maintain world peace and prevent a recurrence of war." This was a highlight of the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations presented by Past National Commander Ray Murphy. The convention adopted a resolution sponsored by this committee asking that men who have fought in World Wars One and Two be among those who "sit at the peace table and exercise an active influence in formulating the terms of peace." The report, unanimously adopted by the convention, also warned against "the false and dangerous propaganda that 'most Germans are opposed to war,'" and advocated holding the German people "in strictest restraint."

Making an unscheduled platform appearance following adoption of this report, Senator Tom Connally of Texas, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, thanked the delegates for their stand, and after lashing out at the Germans and Japs, declared:

"Let me say that I favor keeping every island in the Pacific which our arms have conquered. I want to strip Japan of the





National Chaplain DeWitt C. Mallory of Jacksonville, Fla.

mandated islands and run up on them the flag of the United States." The senator won rounds of applause for this statement and for his demand that we tell both our Allies and our enemies that we want the air and naval bases in the Atlantic and the Pacific which have been built by the United States.

Another speaker who moved the convention to unstinted applause was General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the

United States Army, who flew from Quebec, where he had been in attendance at the momentous conference of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, to address the opening session.

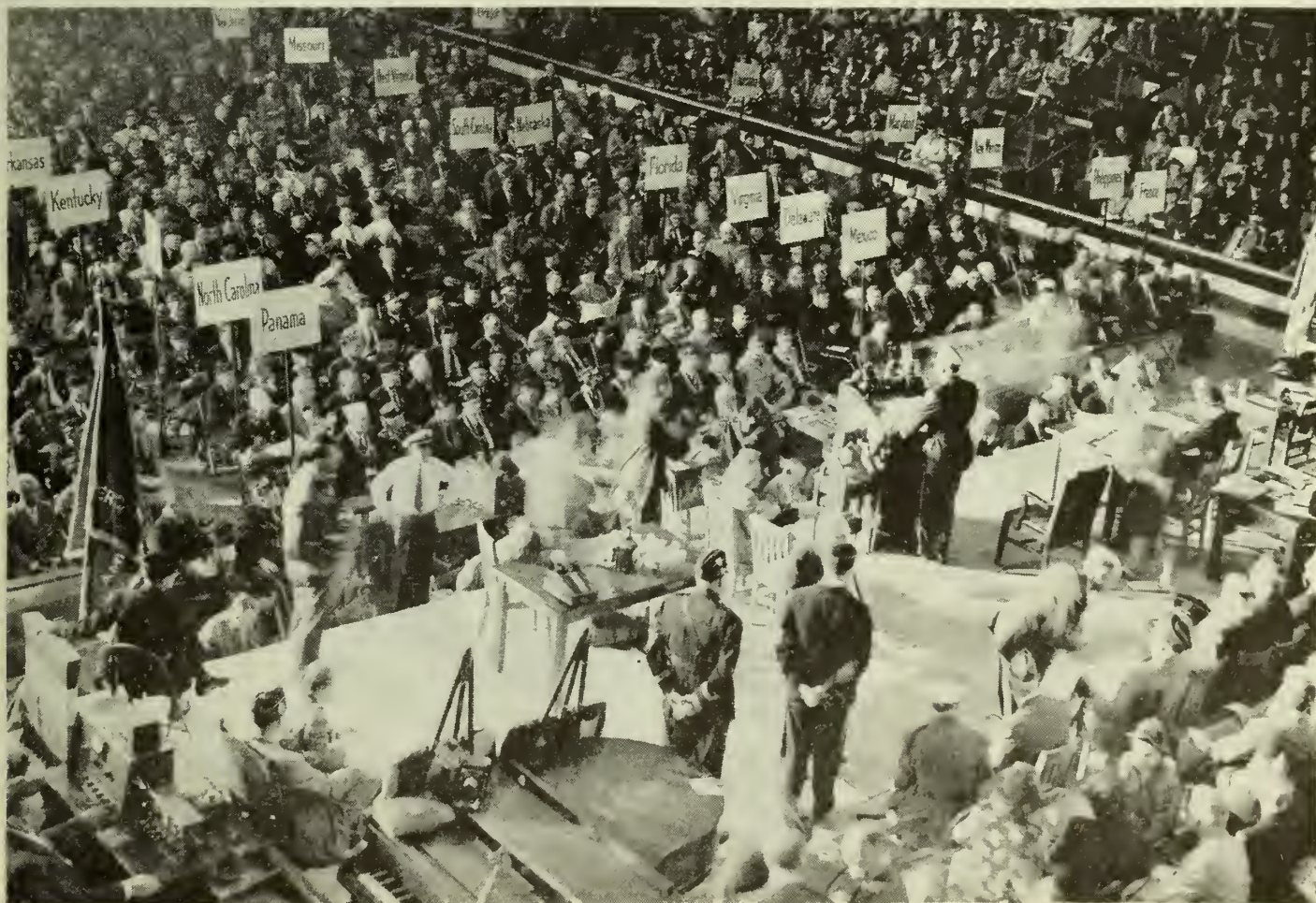
Praising the Legion for the help it has afforded him, the General went on to say that there is a very special reason why "the young armies of this war have a right to your strong support in what is yet to come." Amid tumultuous applause he went on to say, "They have just delivered from the enemy the cemeteries of your heroic brothers-in-arms who fell in your war; they have given you back your great war memorials and they have redeemed your battlefields—all of them from Belgium and Le Cateau through Cantigny, Château-Thierry, Soissons and the Marne Salient, across the plains north of Reims to the awful fields of the Meuse-Argonne and St. Mihiel.

"And mark this, they did it for you in the best American manner, at top speed and within a few days' time. Not satisfied with that, they are about to introduce the American art of war into Germany, so that any doubts the enemy may have had regarding our military competence or willingness to fight will be dispelled in an unmistakable and final manner."



Commander Atherton and General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, United States Army

General Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, was awarded the Legion's Distinguished Service Medal at the Monday session and was the principal speaker at the Distinguished Guests' Banquet in the Palmer House that evening. In his address to the convention the General declared that maintenance of America's air forces in fighting form is



A partial view of the convention in session at the Coliseum





The National Vice-Commanders, left to right, William T. Shadoan, Wickliffe, Ky.; Dan M. McDade, Portland, Ore.; Bascom F. Jones, Nashville, Tenn.; Ray S. Pierson, Burlington, Kan.; Frank E. McCaffrey, Providence, R. I.

essential to the future of the nation, and that the country must utilize research laboratories to keep ahead of the parade in aeronautics.

"We must have a progressive aviation industry, capable of great expansion," he said. "We must have air bases under our control—spread far out beyond our shores, where they are needed. There must be no strings tied to them. Never again should we get caught without parallel airways to our farthest possessions. We must capitalize on the experience of our commercial airlines."

Another recipient of the Legion's Distinguished Service Medal, awarded because of his services to needy and disabled veterans, was Henry Ford. The automobile manufacturer was unable to be present for the award, which was made at the second day's session, and his grandson, Henry Ford II, Legionnaire and former naval officer in World War Two, accepted it in his behalf.

In addition to the resolutions noted above, the following were adopted:

A demand that Congress enact peacetime universal military training, under which every young male American would have ten months' military training integrated with his academic education.

A recommendation that an extended nation-wide airport building program be set up to meet reasonable requirements of aeronautics consistent with the national economy, such program to be co-ordinated by aeronautical authorities.

Reaffirmed action of the 1943 National Convention recommending that "international air commerce under the United States flag should be conducted in accordance with the American principle of free and equal competition under private ownership and management."

Demanded that the United States retain as many vessels of the war-built fleet as may be necessary to assure a merchant marine adequate to our needs.

Declared that American shiplines must not be handicapped, in relation to their foreign competitors, by being barred from participation in overseas air transport.

Called for speedy and adequate rehabilitation of war veterans.

Adopted a 10-point employment program stressing job opportunities for GI Joe and GI Jane, and calling for suspension of immigration so long as these veterans are unable to get work.

Called for the speediest possible reopening of Pershing Hall in Paris, so that the

Department of France of the Legion may resume its activities, especially those in behalf of our troops in the French capital.

Further details of these and other resolutions adopted by the convention appear in the October issue of *The National Legionnaire*, and in the Summary of Proceedings, a copy of which is made available to each Post in *The American Legion*.

A feature of the first day of the convention was the appearance before the delegates of Harry S. Truman, United States Senator from Missouri who is the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee, and Governor John W. Bricker, of Ohio, who is the nominee of the Republicans for that office. Both are Legionnaires, active in their respective Departments. Also on the first day's program appeared PFC Alton W. Knappenberger, recipient of the Congressional Medal of Honor. At later convention sessions two other men who have been awarded this highest of all American decorations, were presented—Lt. Mitchell Paige, of the Marine Corps, and Lt. John W. Finn, of the Navy.

ONE OF the most moving occasions during the convention came when Mrs. Frank Knox accepted for her husband, the late Secretary of the Navy, the Legion's Distinguished Service Medal. The award was made by Legionnaire John L. Sullivan of Manchester, New Hampshire, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Mrs. James H. Doolittle, wife of the colorful air General and Legionnaire who has had an important part in our developing air war, was presented to the convention. In the course of a fine address she presented to the Americanism Endowment Fund a check for one thousand dollars representing money she earned through radio talks.



The Legion's Distinguished Service Medal awarded Henry Ford is accepted by his grandson, Legionnaire Henry Ford II, with Past National Commander John R. Quinn making the presentation as Commander Atherton looks on





The newly-elected National President, Mrs. Charles B. Gilbert, left, is greeted by her predecessor in the office, Mrs. Lawrence Smith

THERE was lacking none of the brilliant pageantry and color and ceremonials of earlier years when on September 18th Mrs. Lawrence Smith, National President, called to order the 24th National Convention of the American Legion Auxiliary in Chicago. Under that outward brave display, however, there were evident the fervent prayers of many thousands of the 600,000 members of the organization for a swift peace and for the safe return of their sons and husbands and brothers now engaged in global conflict.

That vast number of Auxiliary members in forty-eight States, the District of Colum-

bia and in our outlying territories were represented in the convention by 909 delegates and a like number of alternates. Under the skillful guidance of their charming National President, Eleanor Smith, those assembled representatives of the world's greatest women's patriotic organization gave serious thought to the vast program.

Its ranks greatly increased by the women relatives of veterans of the present war, the Auxiliary reaffirmed its quarter-century pledge of service to the men of the First World War and augmented its program, adopted promptly after Pearl Harbor, designed to extend the same efficient service

# Auxiliary Power

By JOHN J. NOLL

to the young men in our present forces.

The Post-War Planning Committee, with the early cessation of hostilities in Europe imminent, and encouraging reports of military successes in the Pacific, is now of paramount importance and its recommendations were given special consideration.

During the final day's session there were elected to guide the Auxiliary in the continuance of its outstanding and all-enveloping program of service, Mrs. Charles B. Gilbert, of Connecticut, to the office of National President, and the following women as National Vice Presidents: Mrs. E. A. Campbell, Louisiana, Southern Division; Mrs. Lucius D. Conant, New Hampshire, Eastern; Mrs. Harry Owen Holt, California, Western; Mrs. Lee W. Hutton, Minnesota, Northwestern, and Mrs. Linn Perry, Ohio, Central.

Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell of Iowa, and Mrs. Cecelia Wenz of Indiana, were re-elected to the offices of National Secretary and National Treasurer, respectively; Miss Marie Koch, South Dakota, was elected National Chaplain, and Mrs. Ellen J. Vance, Idaho, National Historian, by the new National Executive Committee.

A detailed account of the American Legion Auxiliary National Convention appeared in the October issue of *The National Legionnaire*.



The National Vice Presidents. From the left, Mrs. Harry Owen Holt, Western Division; Mrs. Lee W. Hutton, Northwestern; Mrs. Linn Perry, Central; Mrs. E. A. Campbell, Southern, and Mrs. D. Lucius Conant, Eastern



## TOUGH SPOT

(Continued from page 15)

It might sound funny for a bunch of infantrymen pinned down by the Japs to be feeling sorry for an old guy pitching a tough ball game. But the point is, baseball is our normal life. We'll be back to it some of these days, either on the field or in the bleachers.

We didn't realize how much our bunch was getting in the Jap's hair until they tried to lob shells from their mortars onto us. "Thanks for the compliment," Sarge growled when they really went to work. "We're such big shots they're trying to wipe us out. Okay. It looks as if we're striking at something important."

"If Adams had more men," the corporal suggested, "we might get in behind their spotters. There's plenty to cover . . ." Exploding shells drowned out the rest. Some of us nodded. It's the American way to do your own thinking, even if you think wrong. But this non-com had the dope and Sarge had a predatory gleam in his eye as he studied the distance between our spot and Adams'.

The ball game came in again. We'd missed some innings.

"We're going into the first half of the eleventh inning," the broadcaster said, "with the score all tied up at five to five. Ingram has thrown a lot of balls today, and that pitcher is still warming up in the bull pen in case."

"When a man is forty-seven," Sarge said, "the longer the game, the greater the strain, and he's liable to tire and lose his game." Unconsciously he was rubbing his right arm, his eyes on Adams' thicket. You'd have thought Sarge was back home, pitching.

Shells burst around us again and the corporal said, "God! I hope they don't get Adams' range and blast that radio before the game's over. Wouldn't that be double-barreled hell?"

Then the broadcaster's voice, "Strike three called. George never took his bat off his shoulder. And is he burned up! He says

## ABOUT THE NATIONAL CONVENTION

On pages 26-28 of this issue you have read a brief account of the 26th Annual National Convention of The American Legion. A fuller account was carried in the October issue of the National Legionnaire. Every Post in the Legion has by this time received a copy of the *Summary of Proceedings of the convention*. This contains the various Resolutions adopted by the convention, and is well worth the study of every Legionnaire.

something to the umpire, then gives up the beef and goes to the dugout. The barrel-chested Ingram gets the signal. There's the stretch. Ho! Ho-o! The batter missed that one a mile. Ingram blew a fast one past him."

The broadcast faded again and Sarge said, "I've got a deal figured out. Yeah, I know there's a ball game on, but there's a war, too. You may have heard? Right?"

"Right!" the ball bug corporal agreed.

"First, we'll take the sniper that's been working on us." He pointed to two leaves thirty feet apart. "His last bullet went through those. Sight through those holes and what do you get? The green spot on that tree." He picked up an automatic rifle and fired a burst. The sniper came down all sprawled out.

"Next," Sarge said, "pour machine gun fire into Adams' thicket. That'll give me a chance to get behind that hummock."

"Adams' thicket!" I exclaimed. Was Sarge nuts? He caught my expression and grinned.

"Adams is an American born Jap, but he's made two slips. The idea was to get us interested in the game and get careless. He's been increasing, then decreasing the volume. Adams knew the series was on, and that there'd be a rebroadcast for American forces that could listen. He's trying to run a whizzer on us."

The broadcaster's voice came in again, "Ingram is batting. He steps up to the plate and knocks the dirt out of his heel cleats. His team is one run down, now, and a home run could put them right back in the game again. They've got to get a run

or it's all over. Strike one called. In a tight game like this every pitch counts. Change of pace. Ingram went for a sinker." The broadcaster's voice suddenly grew faint.

Abruptly it came loudly, "A line drive! Back! Back! Back! And it's over the fence! No it isn't either. It hit the fence and rebounded. The left fielder can't find the ball! Ingram is spiking the bag at second. He's going into third. He's running like a man carrying a piano. The barrel-chested pitcher is no gazelle, you know. Hang onto your rocking chairs, he's going into home. There he goes! Here comes the ball! Here it comes! There he goes! There he goes! Here comes the ball. Here comes . . ."

The broadcaster's voice died and the corporal moaned, "Of all the lousy, low-down . . ."

"Okay!" Sarge barked. "Let 'em have it!"

We must've caught Adams and his gang with their pants down. Sarge fairly dived behind that hummock while we poured it into the thicket. Then he wound up and fired three grenades and I thought, *Three called strikes and Adams is out!*

Two hours later we had worked in behind the Jap spotters, polished them off, and our artillery was landing and going into action. We dug in just in case and somebody said, "I wonder how that game came out, Sarge?"

"You've got nothing on me," Sarge answered.

"What were the two slips that Jap made?" I asked.

"In Philadelphia," Sarge answered, "they call 'em 'squares.' He said he lived within seven blocks of Independence Hall. Secondly, Americans in bleachers or fox holes will do some yelling and betting. Those Nips did neither and that was the final tip-off."

"Hey, Sarge!" I exclaimed. "You got it in the pitching arm! That's hell!" His arm hung like a wet sack.

"Yeah, they nicked me back there. I bandaged it. You guys had plenty to do." Then he stood up and started to salute, but his arm wouldn't respond. It didn't seem to worry him too much.

It was the colonel and he said, "We'll get a doctor on that arm of yours right away, Ingram. That dad of your's was in a tough spot for awhile today, but he won his game, they tell me, in the thirteenth inning."



"How do I get out of here?"



Dear Sam:

It was great to be  
getting out again.



We'll have to go hunting again  
when I get back —



Men of the Marine Corps say letters keep up morale... Write that V-Mail letter today.

He's been doing a different kind of hunting overseas. But in between times, when he writes a letter to his loved ones, it's the *little* things he writes about.

The hunting trip, when he got the deer he's still so proud of... the backyard steak suppers... the ship model he was working on before he left.

Yes, little things. For it's the little things that to him as to all of us, add up to home.

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Wholesome and satisfying, how good it is... as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work... with good friends... with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely... yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things





# Bob Foreman and the Talking Moose

**1** ONE SUMMER DAY up in the north country Bob Foreman was sitting under a tree reading, when suddenly a deep voice cleared its throat behind him. "Howdy," it said. It was a moose.

**2** "MY NAME'S ED," said the moose sociably. "What's yours?" "Why, it's Bob," said Bob. "Whatcha reading?" Ed asked. "Well—" Bob began, "it's embarrassing to say—" But Ed had craned his neck to look.



**3** "GOSH!" ED MURMURED. "Remington cartridges with soft-point Core-Lokt bullets for big game. (Golly, that's me!) And it goes on to say . . . Hmmm. . . . Well, nice to meet you, Bob—out of season—and no hard feelings. But this stuff gives me the creeps, so I'll be going." And Ed loped off. "A rather unusual animal," Bob mused. "Why, that head must have at least a 56-inch spread!"



## COMPARE REMINGTON SOFT-POINT "CORE-LOKT" WITH OLD STYLE BULLETS:



**1.** Here's a typical Remington big game cartridge. Solid brass case, oil-proofing, progressive burning powder, exclusive Kleenbore non-corrosive priming.

**2.** Remington soft-point Core-Lokt bullet assures instant, controlled expansion. Specially notched non-fouling metal jacket (A) provides directional lines for uniform expansion.



**3.** Thin metal jacket here (B) starts mushrooming at once on impact.

**4.** Heavy jacket here (C) keeps bullet from breaking up as old-style bullets often do.



**5.** Bullet core (D) is locked inside jacket.

**6.** The Remington soft-point Core-Lokt bullet mushrooms evenly to almost twice original caliber (E)—staying in one piece!

Gamemaster & Kleenbore are Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.; Core-Lokt is a trademark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.



**4** THE FIRST HUNTING SEASON when guns and ammunition are plentiful again, Bob Foreman will be happily up north in big game country—this time with his favorite Remington Model 141 Gamemaster rifle and Remington big game cartridges with soft-point Core-Lokt bullets. And if Ed, the moose, sees him *then*—you can bet that he, remembering his one glance at that Remington catalog, won't be quite so sociable. In fact, he'll wisely vamoose!

If it's Remington—It's Right!



# Remington



## HEDGEROWS

(Continued from page 13)

the key men in the whole god-awful business of gaining that ground, bloody yard by bloody yard. Like Pete, for example.

The method Pete's captain was employing was to have one squad take the first hedgerow, to be leapfrogged by the second squad which took the next one, both of which were leapfrogged in turn by the third squad which took one more, and so on. That gave one squad the job of attacking every third time. But Pete knew it didn't always work out like that. Sometimes they got pinned down and had to double up to take one hedgerow, and then sometimes one squad had to take several at a clip.

But this time they'd been lucky. They'd got up to this hedgerow without help, except for Squad Number Two's covering fire, having the light machine gun lace the undergrowth, and having a bazooka brought in to blast the corners for them. Not that they'd taken this baby yet. You couldn't say you'd taken a hedgerow until it was damn well back of you.

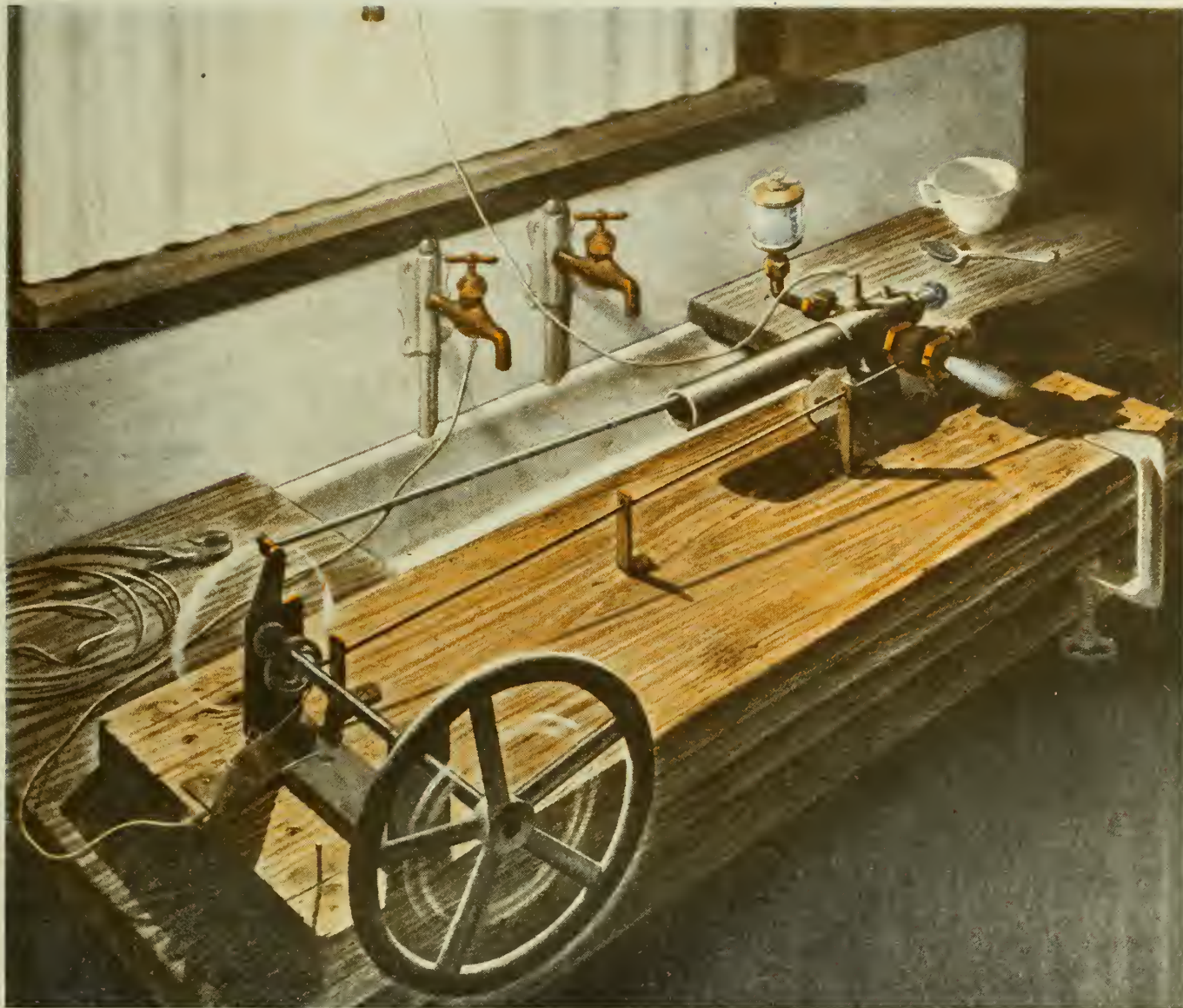
Easy to defend and costly to attack, this hedgerow was indistinguishable from thousands like it that crisscrossed all of Normandy, forming natural barriers on all four sides of each field, somewhat like the insides of a gigantic irregular egg box. No matter in which direction you went, you had to pass through a hedgerow about every 75 to 100 yards. They made the country one hell of a place to fight a war in, and the squad knew all about them.

When you finally got up to the hedgerow, it was like now. The squad had been lobbing grenades through the foliage for some time, and no potato mashers had come back. But there had been other things to worry about, mostly those stickin' 80 mm. mortar shells. Jerry had this hedge zeroed in for fair, and although they'd flattened in the ditch with



"You'll like these girls, Edwin. They're welders and know how to talk intelligently about ships."





## In the Ford kitchen . . . this little trial engine sputtered into life

**I**T HAPPENED far back—in the very early 1890's. In the kitchen of his Detroit home, a young engineer, named Henry Ford, was testing a principle of the internal combustion engine.

His apparatus, clamped to the kitchen sink, was a piece of one-inch gas pipe, reamed out for a cylinder—the flywheel, a handwheel from a lathe. Gasoline was fed from an oil cup. A wire connected to the kitchen light furnished the spark.

He spun the flywheel. Flame came from the exhaust, the sink shook and the trial engine was running under its own power. Mr. Ford was satisfied.

He put the engine aside. It had served its purpose. His idea was proved.

But he did not stop to applaud himself. "The man who thinks he has done something," Mr. Ford once said, "hasn't even started." His mind was already stirring with thoughts of a new and larger engine for transportation use.

Just ahead lay the pioneering which was to produce the Ford automobile of world-wide use. Ahead lay the creation of the first industrial assembly line, hundreds of inventions and improvements, the building of 30,000,000 low-cost motor cars and trucks to serve the needs of *all* the people.

Today, at Ford Motor Company the pioneering still goes forward. New methods, new materials, new devices are continually being developed. Outsiders don't hear about many of these important advancements, because Ford assignments now are subject to military restrictions.

But one day the story of this modern pioneering *can* be told. It will be told, you may be sure, through the medium of Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars so advanced in both style and engineering that new millions will seek to own them—for comfort, for smartness, for reliability, and for economy.

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**





each succeeding barrage, the squad was thinning down just the same.

Pete couldn't tell how long they'd been hugging this hedgerow when the Sergeant came crawling over to him. The Sarge was brief. Sergeant Hanky with squad three was moving up to assault the next hedge. But they needed some reconnaissance. Pete didn't blame them for wanting it, but he wished it was somebody besides himself who had to poke through and look the ground over. "Draw their fire," is what they called it.

They'd brought up the light machine gun, and they had an automatic rifleman to cover for him, and Pete knew they'd give him good cover. But just the same it was Pete who had to crawl through this hedge and look into that damn field.

The light mist still persisted, for although the morning was well advanced, no warming sun broke through the overcast. A damp chill reached through Pete's fatigue tunic, yet trickles of sweat crept from beneath his helmet. This job was a stinker. Pete licked his lips and they were salty.

Moving cautiously, he crawled up the bank and through the snarl of briars. He worked forward, pushing through the brush, and came up on his knees. He moved a branch and looked out. The next field was an apple orchard, about 80 yards across, and the far hedgerow, vaguely visible through the thin mist, showed no movement. He swept his eyes over the ground immediately in front of him, and saw slit trenches, but whether they were occupied or not, Pete could not know. "What the hell," he thought. "What do I do now?"

He had very cautiously half-raised his rifle when the foliage beat his face in a clatter of sound, and the M1 disintegrated in his hands. His head exploded as he pitched forward out of the brush. Then he was on the ground, staring with surprise at the blood on his tunic. Surprise passed and reflex again took possession of him and he was rolling and crawling endlessly for the base of the nearest apple tree. He lay still, conscious only of the pounding in his chest.

Lieutenant Jerome shifted his bandages and grinned at Pete. The machine gun post at the corner covered a hedge exactly like any of the six they had attacked today, except it bordered on a small lane. They could see only a part of the lane and Pete tried not to look at the grotesque figures in forest green cloth whose wax-like faces stared intently at nothing.

"We've put God knows how many rounds down that hedgerow," said the lieutenant, "and I'm just going to bounce out there and look it over. I'll work down the hedgerow and see what we've done, then I'll cut back into the lane and make sure it's clear." He tried the action on the BAR and shoved in a fresh clip. "Pete, you fill up with some magazines, and keep about twenty feet behind me."

He turned to the Sergeant with the dinky

little radio. "Remember, now. Squad number three moves up to the lane at sixteen hours thirty, with squad one right behind them. They'll cross the lane without stopping, go through the hedge at the corners, and move right down the next field to the far hedgerow. And for God's sake, Sergeant, if I don't get back here, keep that far hedgerow full of lead when squad three breaks through out here. You know what to do with the bazooka, and don't screw up. You got it?"

"Yessir," said the sergeant, and he thought briefly of his kids.

"OK," said the lieutenant. "Come on, Pete, let's go."

A pale sun was breaking through the overcast when they stepped out into the field. Pete had two bandoliers full of BAR magazines across his chest and the strap of a new M1 at his shoulders. Pete's eyes ached and his nose throbbed. The Jerry sniper who'd busted his rifle had torn his nose loose at the base, but the corpsman had taped it up and they'd gotten him another gun. He felt OK, almost.

The lieutenant crossed the lane cradling the automatic rifle, and casually leaped over the blackberry bushes into the field. Pete hung well behind him, keeping his eyes glued on the dirty fluttering bandages around the lieutenant's neck. The lieutenant's helmet always made him look kind of top heavy.

The hedge had foxholes against it, but

nobody was in sight. Pete glanced nervously across the field, licking his lips and feeling like a clay pigeon. His ears jarred with the muffled explosions of mortar fire in the field on their right flank and he knew that the other platoon was catching hell. "Why don't the lieutenant snap it up," he thought, and then the field began to heave.

Pete went flat to avoid the first burst, but the lieutenant went into the hedge standing up, and was lost to view in the brush. Pete waited out the second burst and then flew into the hedge himself. He fell flat through the briars on top of the bank, and couldn't get up. The briars had him pinned, and panic seized him.

The lieutenant had gone clear through the hedge and landed in the lane. No one will ever know who was more surprised, himself or the Germans.

There were 15 of them and they were intent on setting up a pair of heavy machine guns in the ditch. "Hell's fire," thought the lieutenant, and he felt the spasmodic drumming of the BAR against his arm. "Hold it down," he half-whispered. "Don't burn out the barrel."

The damn fools were diving for a depression in the ditch, all fifteen of them trying to play bottom man in a hole that couldn't have screened one. The lieutenant's finger was jumping again, and he held it firm. He changed clips once. It took forty rounds to kill them all.

The 83's had stopped by now and for a



"Here comes Hilbrith, late as usual."





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few moments it was deathly quiet in the lane. The lieutenant tried to shift his feet but they wouldn't move. He was seeing a picture of himself if the Jerries had split apart and used their small arms. His mouth was dry and his legs began to quiver and still he couldn't lift them. A few leaves rustled in the hedge and he watched them absently, vaguely aware of a muffled clanking roar that would be the Sherman tank bucking against the hedgerow in the field on the right. But for a full thirty seconds he was rooted to the roadway, breathing unevenly, and noting dispassionately the spasmodic kicking of the leg of one man who was taking a long time dying.

Then a brief surge of nausea broke his paralysis and the lieutenant turned and went running for the machine gun post. "Almost sixteen-thirty he noted. What in hell happened to Pete. Did the 88's get him?"

The smoky hours passed. Squads one and three had come through in a rush and they were pretty well thinned down by the time they reached the hedgerow beyond the lane, but still they had made it. They hadn't stopped on the near side either, but had gone through to clean out the foxholes on the far side. Now they were in those foxholes themselves, and some of the kids were too tired even to haul the dead Jerries out of them. They stunk some, but hell, who didn't?

Well, there was just one more field to go, between them and that sunken road. Squad two was to come up from behind and lead the assault on the road while squads one and three stayed put in the foxholes to cover their advance. That damn sunken road

wasn't going to be any picnic. As soon as squad two reached it, Pete and the others would have to haul their butts over the field and get in there with them.

Pete snapped back the bolt of his rifle and put in a clip of cartridges. "Wonder what they got up there in that there road?"

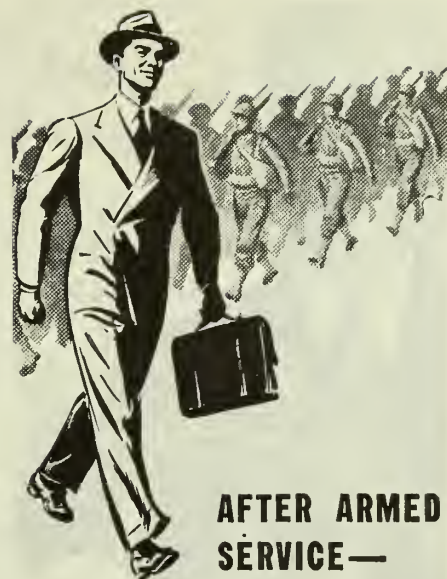
"Recently we were forced to inform the commanders in the field that we could not give them the quantities of bombs and shells they demand, but I am now able to report that production rates have finally risen somewhat and we hope that the rationing of such necessities will soon be unnecessary."

—General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, United States Army, to National Convention of The American Legion, Chicago, Sept. 18, 1944.

he mumbled, but he knew only too well what they probably had. The thought chilled him. He knew he'd never get across this next field.

The rain was heavier now, and a purple gloom stole in between the hedgerows. Not far behind Jerry's lines he heard a growling roar like an old Ford in low gear. He knew that that would be one of those Jerry Mark VI tanks. It was coming on for dark when the mortars opened up, dropping a barrage into the road ahead, and Pete knew squad two was already moving up. He poked his rifle over the edge of the foxhole and waited for the signal to fire. One more goddam hedgerow.

"Jeez," he whispered. "My achin' back."



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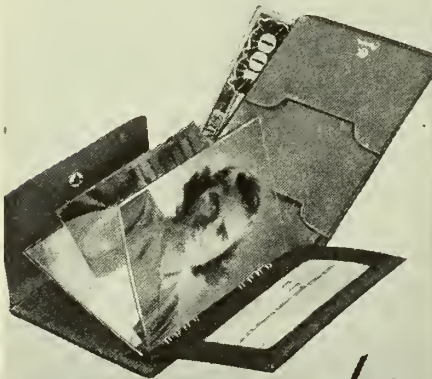


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## FAITHFUL

*(Continued from page 9)*

Psalm *De Profundis*: "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice. . . . My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say more than they that watch for the morning. . . ."

The soldiers exchanged glances; for men who wait for the slow dawn in foxholes this comparison has special meaning.

The strong voice of the padre goes on: "Through the bowels of the mercy of our God . . . to enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death; to direct our feet into the way of peace."

The duel of the mortars breaks loose again; a shell bursts close by, showering the trees with shrapnel.

"Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on them. I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live; and everyone who liveth and believeth in me shall not die. . . ."

Down toward the battle line the machine guns are clattering madly; perhaps the Japs are counter-attacking. The snipers in the trees to the front are shooting down again at the funeral party; though their aim is bad, some of the men are frightened. For four days they have not slept, and the strain is telling. Soldiers who must go back to battle cannot weep, but tears are gather-

ing in the eyes of a young Pole, and others too are affected. Father Doyle is watching; he knows tears are not for soldiers.

"Repeat the Lord's Prayer with me," he commands, and his voice is stronger and more impersonal than before—almost casual. In quiet, impersonal voices all the soldiers pray:

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done. Forgive us our trespasses. . . . (Father Doyle drops out and the men carry on) as we forgive those . . . deliver us from evil."

The weakest of the soldiers feels stronger now; no one will break down. The padre prays again:

"Come to their assistance, ye saints of God. . . . Receive their souls and present them to the Most High. May Christ who called thee, receive thee. . . ."

The snipers are shooting again. Father Doyle pauses and shakes his fist up at the trees: "Never mind those so-and-so's," he cries out angrily. "They can't hit anything. We'll take care of them later."

He goes on: "Deliver them, O Lord, from everlasting death on that dread day when the heavens and the earth shall be moved. . . ."

His voice is lost in the booming of the artillery, but comes back, "That day is a day of wrath, of wasting, and of misery. . . ."

The Avengers and the Dauntless bombers are dropping thousand-pound bombs on Munda, and overhead, almost out of sight. Zeroes and Kittyhawks are swirling about in a dogfight. But Father Doyle prays on:



"We ran out of ammunition"



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"We humbly beseech . . . that they shall be received by Thy holy angels and taken to Paradise their true country. O God, be pleased to bless these graves. Send Thy holy angels to keep them; and loose them from the bonds of sin the souls . . ."

Now the sun is breaking through the overcast, and in the trees—not for the first time during the service—a bird trills a note in the lull of battle.

The padre, first with a sweeping gesture of invocation, and then with the sign of the cross, blesses each grave.

"Benedictio Dei omnipotentis, Patris, et Filii . . ."

The benediction is given in Latin and then in English. Then, "Lower the bodies." No song; no taps; no tears; this is a front line funeral.

FATHER DOYLE and I sat down on empty ammunition cases, and I asked him some questions. He was 25, attended St. Bernard's Seminary in Rochester; came from Waterbury, Connecticut. He adapted the funeral service to meet the needs of both Catholic and Protestant. He did not think he took too great chances with snipers.

Father Doyle and I shook hands. "Good luck!" we said—at the battle front no empty phrase. As I walked away he called to me to look up Father Malloy when I

got back to the rear base from this trip.

THREE weeks later, at his little outdoor chapel down the hill from the handsome French Cathedral, Father Malloy listened intently as I described Father Doyle's work at the front.

"There is a postscript to the story, you know," he said quietly. "Father Doyle was

shot in the leg only a day or two, it must have been, after you saw him. Infection set in; there was a delayed operation, but he died. Father Cullerton buried him at the front.

"I have been told," Father Malloy added, "that he was killed killed by a Jap who cried, 'I'm wounded; I want the padre.' When Father Doyle went up he was shot."

## "YOU DIE FOR FRANCE"

(Continued from page 10)

that might mean death for the helpless French. Yet he hesitated not to close in on the trapped Nazis.

It was Captain Niveau who came to the French commander's aid, suggesting that the Germans be sent a message in Niveau's name. As an American officer, Niveau pledged his word that the Germans would be treated as prisoners of war . . . would be given all their rights under the Geneva conventions . . . if they would give up.

The German commander asked for time—for reflection, he said.

Then, suddenly, came disquieting news. French Scouts arrived with the word that German reinforcements were on the way . . . were coming in on trucks, with French civilians mounted on the running boards

as protection against expected FFI attacks.

Something had to be done to speed that German decision. And it had to be done swiftly.

Captain Niveau did it.

He and four English-speaking Frenchmen, wearing uniforms resembling those of American combat teams, advanced toward the besieged Germans. Niveau and his party bore the white flag, signifying parley. The Germans met them and to them Niveau put his proposition—immediate surrender or submission to an attack by "a strong contingent of Canadian parachutists." Niveau went even further. He gave the Germans just five minutes to make up their minds.

Of course there weren't any Canadians



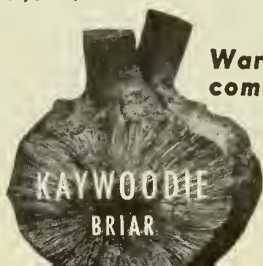
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within hundreds of miles. But Niveau's plan worked. Within five minutes the German commander and his bedraggled garrison stepped gingerly out of their fortress—disarmed and reaching for the noonday sun.

I was in a back room of a Savoy village tavern one night when a sweltering artist was hoarsely throating a lusty ditty and his companions were beating time on crockery. But, when the *Marseillaise* broke out, the din in that smoke-laden hole surpassed anything imaginable and left one dazed for minutes afterwards.

Present that night were men from Lieutenant Breton's outfit—the one that had captured the village stronghold only three days before, losing seven of their companions out of a unit of thirty. Also there were members of Lieutenant Michel's Commandos, who left Annecy on August 23d on a special mission . . . most of them never to return. And there were tough guys from Lieutenant Charles' unit—and he the toughest of them all.

His story is an epic of French resistance. When thirty-seven besieged Germans in the Hotel De France at Saint Julien refused to surrender to his small party of FFI, it was hard-faced, wolf-eyed Lieutenant Charles who lashed two prisoners together and shoved them around the corner facing their beleaguered companions. It was he who ordered a French machine-gunner to cover two helpless wretches and mow them down if—within a decent number of minutes—their countrymen had not surrendered.

The fact that the prisoners finally managed to do just that is proof that the Germans didn't think Lieutenant Charles was bluffing.

One must never call the bluff with French resistance.

Charles has a wife and four children. But, like thousands of others, he held the Maquis for twenty months, fighting off the Wehrmacht and—most dangerous of all—Darnan militia.

On the night of August fifteenth, he sent word to resistance headquarters that, according to instructions and barring counter-orders, he would attack objectives assigned to him on the following morning.

No counter-order arrived, and he attacked—many people feared too soon. But Haute Savoie flared up after him, following him to the man, and within five days it was all over—for the Germans!

I was present that Sunday when a young unknown hero of French resistance was buried in the village cemetery. The mayor gave a short address, then Lieut. Charles.

His words were deep, rumbling, ominous in their tone. They broke against the quiet of the day like waves against a sea wall. He spoke only a few words—but into those words was packed loyalty, devotion, the urge to freedom that burns in the hearts of all French patriots and drives them on.

In the dead silence of the crowd about him, he said, "Farewell, petit. You die for France."

"For France!" That is the story. "For France!"



"Whenever he gets in a tough spot he looks to see what his comic book hero would do"

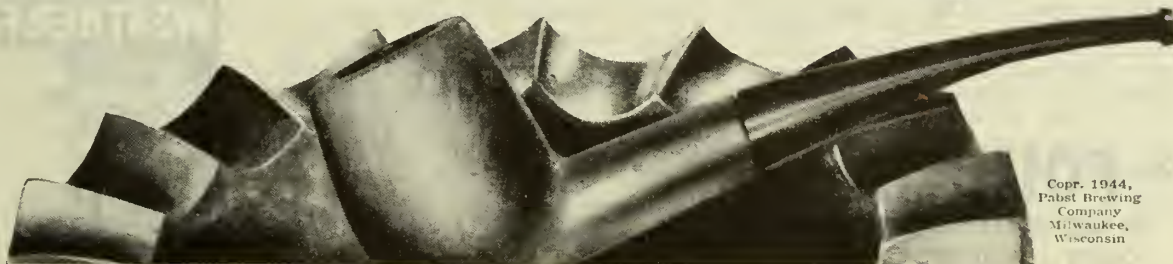


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**DO THIS EVERY DAY!** Play safe!... Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer... rinse... and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

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What's more... your plate material is 60 times softer than natural teeth, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But there is no brushing with Polident, so there's no danger—and soaking is so easy and sure.



Later—Now he's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If you wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate—costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

Use **POLIDENT** Daily  
TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES  
CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

## A LITTLE MATTER

(Continued from page 22)

I read it.

It was from the Adjutant General and related, in substance, that I was no longer a corporal; that the War Department had seen fit to make me a first lieutenant, Coast Artillery Corps.

My first thought was for that faithful implement with which I had spaded up practically all of southern Virginia in the previous busy months. Grasping the shovel handle firmly in both hands, I spun like a discus thrower and loosed it in a generally southerly direction. I hope that the natives of North Carolina find it helpful in their Victory gardening.

My next thought was of the First Sergeant.

"In the past," I said, "you have sometimes piled the indignities on a little thick. For instance this ashes shovelling detail—and me a future officer! You have not been too respectful in issuing orders to one of twice your years. But on the whole, you have been a good sergeant. I will commend you to your seniors."

With a lordly gesture of dismissal, I brushed him aside and strolled to the orderly room.

Determinedly disdaining to knock and reassuring myself that my cap was firmly affixed to my graying thatch, I marched up to the C.O., a second lieutenant.

"Lieutenant," I announced, "as senior officer in this—er—rabble, I am permitting myself to go to town. See you in a day or two. Bye, bye."

I had no pass when I hit nearby Blackstone. I was still clad in the humble habiliments of a corporal and a G. I., even though a hash-marked corporal, draws MPs as if by magic if he has no pass.

"Pop," said the biggest MP, "let's see your pass."

I fumbled through my pockets.

"I have no pass," I said, "but there's something else that might do." With that, I handed over the Adjutant General's telegram.

It was lovely.

Unaccustomed smiles brightened their faces and they saluted, stepping aside to let me enter the beer parlor.

The metamorphosis from corporal to officer was gratifying after the long months of waiting; months during which I often wondered if the War Department ever awarded commissions posthumously.

But as I look back on that period I am grateful for the circumstances that set a West Point graduate to doing K. P., latrine orderly and all the other menial, athletic tasks that are necessary for good military housekeeping. Those were reasonably happy days and taught me lessons that, I hope, make me a more understanding if not a smarter officer.

Being a G. I. had distinct advantages. As

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Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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WHY SUFFER FOOT TROUBLES THAT DRAG YOU DOWN, TIRED, BURNING, TENDER, PERSPIRING, ITCHING FEET OR CALLOUSES AND CORNS GIVE YOU THAT E-X-H-A-U-S-T-E-D LOOK.

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★ AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND TOILET GOODS DEPARTMENTS



**JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP**  
BORAX, IODIDE AND BRAN

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THE WORLD OVER

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This "Swiss" weather house, made in the U.S.A. PREDICTS THE WEATHER IN ADVANCE. Guaranteed to work. When the witch comes out watch for bad weather, girl and boy indicate nice weather. Acts with amazing accuracy, has thermometer on front. Weather House is 7 in. high and 6 in. wide. Shipped complete ready to use.  
**SEND NO MONEY** Just pay postman \$1.69 plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction or your money back. (We pay Postage if remittance comes with order.) Don't wait—Write today to  
WEATHER MAN, Dept. AM 29 E. Madison, Chicago



Corporal Little I could crash the USOs for free doughnuts and coffee. I could whistle at pretty girls (although I must confess to less success than in '18) and I could chisel members of my squad for a proper share in packages from home, a system of quasi-official looting that is okay for corporals but verboten for officers.

This story rightly begins early in 1942. I had been riding around the Atlantic as a seaman to see what sort of a war was going on but after Pearl Harbor I began to believe I might be of some use to our army.

I had an idea that because of my background in the regular army and national guard, I would be snapped up for some position of responsibility.

Letters from me flowed to the Adjutant General. Forms to be filled out flowed from the Adjutant General to me.

Net result: I was turned down physically.

A little double-talk with my draft board, a little legerdemain for the medicos (particularly as to the eye charts) and—presto—I was Private Little.

Only one memory remains of the reception center at Fort Dix. On the second day, a number of us were being taught the rudiments of what the Infantry Drill Regulations call "the steps and marchings."

A private with an ample façade and a klaxon voice had been selected as our instructor because of length of service, some eight days. After we had failed miserably to execute to the rear even approximately simultaneously, I ventured a suggestion:

"If you'd give the command of execution on the right foot, as the regulations say, instead of on the left, we might do better."

He of the distended stoa was heavily sarcastic.

"So ya know all about it, har, Shorty? Don't need no drillin', har? I'll get that Foist Sargent to fix ya up, see?"

Did you ever lift G. I. cans full of garbage into a truck?

You probably did. In 1918.

But the years have a way of whittling a man's strength and lifting full G. I. cans is quite a trick at 45. But lift them I did for three days. I did something else. I buttoned my lip. I kept it buttoned until that day when I became a corporal. After that I unbuttoned it a little but only in the presence of privates. I'd learned a great lesson.

I've been happy in this new army of ours and the fact that every time I step into one of the maze of corridors in the Pentagon I bump into a classmate from West Point wearing eagles or stars does not make me envious.

What if I am only a lieutenant? I've had a chance to serve again.

I think the unhappiest men in this country must be those who want to serve but were too young for World War I and too old for World War II.

As for World War III—anybody want to sign up for Little's Armored Wheelchair Brigade?



THEY'VE EARNED MORE THAN THE

*"Glad Hand"*

"SO IT'S SQUARELY UP TO ALL OF US TO  
SEE THAT OUR RETURNED VETERANS GET  
DECENT 'BREAKS' "

SAYS

*Bob Bowes*

President and Founder of Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation — Pioneer in Safe Tire Repairs



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At our expense we will train a selected group of men in the business of selling and distributing our products. When completely trained, each man will be furnished the necessary working capital and suitable sales equipment to start his own business as our exclusive wholesale distributor. Such a business yields big money to men big enough for a big job.

### YOU CAN HELP AVOID A "BONUS MARCH"

The size of your business, whatever it is, can be stretched to include opportunities for returned service men. And it's good business to create opportunities for those men. Aside from the fact that you owe the returned service men a bigger debt than you can ever pay, it is to your own interest to expand and grow. Nobody wants another WPA or a Bonus March—so let's start our march NOW—in the name of American Enterprise—to help these men "get on their own." Let's GO, American Enterprise!

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**BOWES**



*Dependable*  
**TIRE REPAIR  
SYSTEM**



## GI JOE, SWELL GUY

(Continued from page 19)

How do you go about selecting the winning letter from a half million entries? We did it this way. I got ten college boys and girls to read the letters. First, they read each letter until they came to the age, then they marked the age on the envelope, and went on to the next letter. That way we determined the average age of G.I. Joe. Then we determined his height, weight, his background and education. After these facts were catalogued, we started eliminating on the basis of letter content. I read fifty letters each night; so did the other judges.

It's a funny thing about that winning letter. I read it and passed it on to Alvin C. York, famous Sergeant York of World War I. Then Warren H. Atherton, National Commander of The American Legion, read it. The odd fact is that we all chose that particular letter without consulting one another. Mainly it was because of its great simplicity and because it was so typically American. Mrs. Peers wrote it, and when you read it here, I think you'll know why we chose it.

Mrs. Peers said, afterwards, that when she first heard of the contest, she thought to herself, "What's the use? I'll never win it. There's just one chance in a million." And then she went to bed. But she couldn't sleep. She started thinking, "If there is a chance in a million to win that award for my Bill, he deserves it." So she sat down, and in simple language, wrote what was in her heart.

As for PFC Charles William Peers, Jr., well, he was in Italy and didn't even know his wife had entered the contest. When he was told about the \$5,000, he thought his buddies were ribbing him. Now that he knows it is true, he's planning to buy the farm they've always wanted, after the war is wound up.

I ran into a lot of laughs and a lot of tears, reading those half million letters. For instance, one said:

"The original GI Joe is me. I don't like to admit it, but if I hadn't told you so myself, how would you know?"

GI Joe is determined to get in on the Big Show, no matter what! This letter had us chuckling for days:

"Before GI Joe was of age, he tried to join the Army. Of course, they wouldn't let him. Then when he was old enough, he tried to enlist, but defective eyesight disqualified him. Then he was drafted, and again he didn't make it. This made him mad. He began to picket the draft board in Beverly Hills, wearing a sign 'UNFAIR! UNAMERICAN!' The head of the draft board in desperation appealed to higher authorities. He said: 'He's giving the draft board a bad name! Here is this crazy kid, picketing the office every

NAME—Charles William Peers, Jr.  
BRANCH—Army—Coast Artillery—  
Anti-Aircraft  
RANK—Private  
HOME ADDRESS—R.R. #3 Valley Station, Kentucky  
AGE—22  
HEIGHT—5 feet, 9 inches  
WEIGHT—179 pounds  
WORK BEFORE ENTERING SERVICE—  
Machinist at Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., Louisville Ordnance Division, Louisville, Ky.

Dear Eddie:

I think my husband is the typical G.I. Joe. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has light brown hair which is a few shades lighter on top, having been bleached by the sun. He has gray eyes which can be as cold as steel or as soft as the love of his little daughter can make them. He has a young eager face and when he smiles, which is often, his teeth sparkle more now than ever because he is so tanned. He can be as hard headed as any top sergeant and he loves an argument, especially when it is about whose state is "God's Country," or which noncom is the "meanest man on earth."

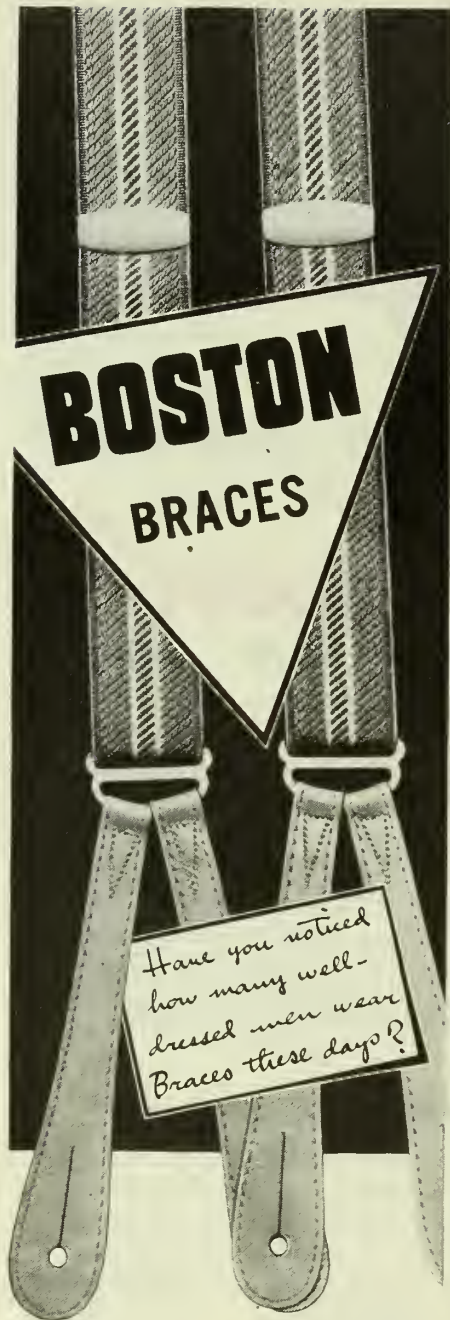
He has been overseas for nearly a year and his greatest ambition is to finish his job over there so he can come home and see his baby girl who was born four months after he left the States.

He loves to get pictures, letters and boxes from home and he has framed several of his favorite snapshots with glass taken from a German plane. He collects souvenirs and sends them home for me to keep for our home which we are planning on after the war is over.

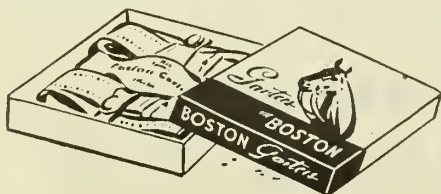
He doesn't like Army chow, or for that matter, he doesn't like the Army. He loves to play football, and he likes good music and hamburgers with plenty of onion.

He is a clean, young, hard fighting, quick thinking American who trusts in God and believes in prayer. He does not want to die, but he is willing to fight for the things he believes to be right.

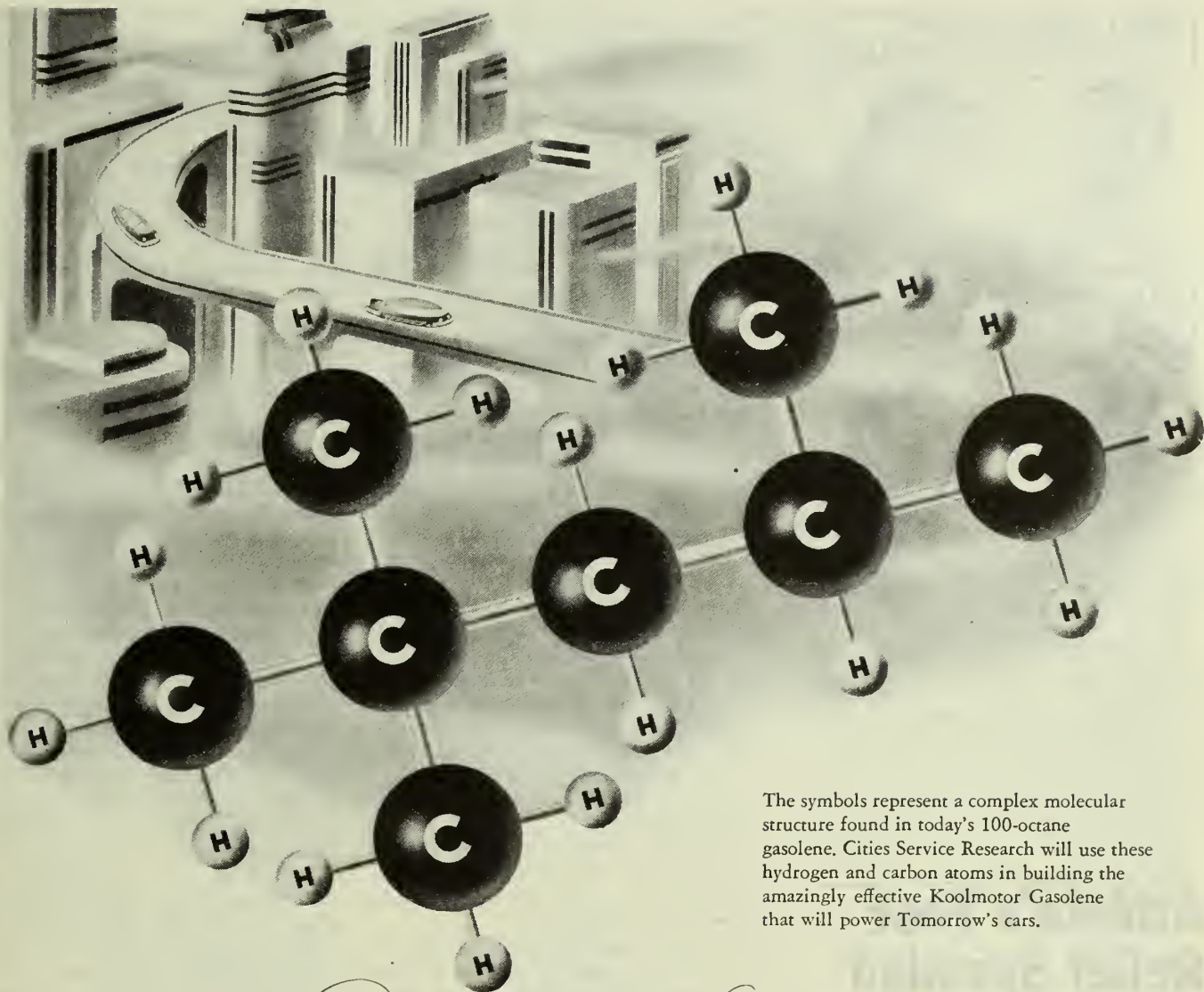
He is a man and I am proud that he is my husband.



What's one brand of braces got that almost any other brand hasn't got just as much of? Well, that's pretty hard to tell in a store . . . or in a month or two of wearing. You have to experience the comfortable freedom of BOSTON Braces (made by the Boston Garter people). *Balanced elasticity* . . . makes them yield to your every movement and yet keep their lively snap far longer than you expect. Wide and narrow widths, smart modern designs and color combinations . . . button-on or clip-on style. Of course, the best available leather and metal fittings. See them at your favorite haberdasher's. George Frost Company, Shirley, Massachusetts, affiliated with President Suspender Company.







The symbols represent a complex molecular structure found in today's 100-octane gasolene. Cities Service Research will use these hydrogen and carbon atoms in building the amazingly effective Koolmotor Gasolene that will power Tomorrow's cars.

## *Design for Tomorrow*

**P**ETROLEUM—Bloodstream of War—will be a vital Bloodstream of Peace. In the Cities Service Research Laboratories, work has been done on many new products, new processes, new devices. Some are "hush-hush". Others are ready and waiting for developments in the automotive and other industries—developments which can come only *after* Victory is won.

Cities Service stands ready *now* to "service" your car of the future. Sounds incredible? Then let us prove it.

Before new models even reach the blueprint stage, our research people are in consultation with the automobile manufacturers, checking on the fuels and lubricants they will need. And so flexible are the ultra-modern facilities

of the great new Tutwiler Refinery at Lake Charles, Louisiana, that we are ready at a moment's notice to meet the exacting demands of tomorrow's engines.

And so out of research, our specialists have been able to develop high-powered, high-octane gasolene — temperature-resisting lubricants — waterless soap, fuel-saving devices, new plastics and countless petroleum derivatives.

One thing is sure . . . you can look to Cities Service for important new developments after the war.

*Progress through Service—*





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**SMART WIFE, PAZO RELIEVED THOSE SIMPLE PILES**



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

#### How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

#### Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

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## Athlete's Foot Relief Speeded By Noted Doctor

The Athlete's Foot formula used in the private practice of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted authority on diseases and deformities of the feet, can now be had in Liquid or Ointment form at any Drug, Shoe or Department Store. It is called Dr. Scholl's Solvex. This fast-acting specific speedily relieves intense itching of Athlete's Foot; kills the fungi of this dangerous infection on contact; aids rapid healing of the red, raw, cracked or peeling skin between the toes or on the feet; helps prevent it from spreading to other parts of the body. Insist on Dr. Scholl's Solvex. Only 50c everywhere.

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**KLUTCH holds them tighter**

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

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Selling Genuine  
**RUBBER RAINCOATS**

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needs one. Guards, police,  
mailmen, farmers, fire-  
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sands of customers. Priced  
low; big profits for you.  
Leads great line Air-Cushion  
Shoes, Leather Jackets, etc.  
Start selling in Spare Time. No  
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SALES  
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Wanted**

day, and do you know what I think? I think he's wonderful! If he wants to get in the Army that bad, I think he'd make a good soldier!' So finally GI Joe was admitted to limited service, but he soon wangled his way out of that, and got into active service. Now he has been cited for bravery. I nominate him for your typical GI Joe!" We saw his loyalty, as in this one from a South Dakota hospital:

"He joined up when he was 19 because his brother had been there when the Japanese attacked Dutch Harbor, and because part—only a small part—of our homeland had tasted violence at the hands of an aggressor. His purposes are these—to help bring the war to an end, to do his part in preserving our way of life, and that we may all live normal lives again soon. These things I know—I'm the brother who was at Dutch Harbor."

Occasionally, there would be a letter that would tear at your heart strings. One said: "Dear Eddie: I nominate my husband for GI Joe. He's 21. I've known him since I was six. He's not only a great soldier, but a good husband and father. The best. He loves his town and his home. He's brave. But he'll never receive your award, Eddie. You see, he died at Tarawa."

Of course, you just stop after a letter like that. You don't read any more for awhile. And it makes you white-hot inside. You want this war to end.

The basic reason for my starting the GI Joe Contest was that I wanted to get people at home thinking about post-war plans, especially those that will furnish good jobs to our returning service men. I wanted the folks at home to think: "How can I expand? How can I put 500 more people to work?" The contest was to let GI Joe know that we at home are thinking of him. The

GI Bill of Rights and the other federal laws are a good start, but every employer ought to be making his plans, so that these boys who are doing such a grand job for us won't have to worry about what they're going to do when they come home.

Speaking of morale building, I just got back from playing the Purple Heart Circuit. I named it that, but perhaps you heard of it as the Hospital Circuit. I learned this on that tour: The nurses and doctors are wonderful. They do everything they can for these boys. They tell us what a great morale builder entertainment is. That's why I'm presenting a plan to the USO that I proposed to President Roosevelt when I was in Washington. You know how desperately unhappy a wounded man must get on a long trek back home to a hospital. A ship leaves Australia. Maybe it takes three or four weeks to get home. *I want to organize Hospital Entertainment Units for hospital ships.* Because I figure if ever a man needs high morale, it's on such a ship.

I'm deadly serious about every phase of the war. Because I'm a comedian, many people expect me to come back rolling off anecdotes that are amusing and bring the house down, but I haven't found a lot of amusing incidents on my tours, and I don't feel much like laughing. Ward after ward of amputation cases don't easily give rise to jokes, no matter with what gallantry the GI Joes kid around.

For instance, at one hospital stop I noticed that one boy was tripping everyone who came into the dining room. He was getting a big bang out of it, and so was the entire mess hall. It didn't seem so funny to me, and I said so to my next door neighbor.

"I guess it isn't funny," said my neighbor, "but the boys are pretending that it is. You see he's doing the tripping with a wooden leg. This is the first time he's worn it. He just got it today."

No, for once my bag of jokes is empty.



"Wake up, Jordan! It's someone else's turn to sleep now!"





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MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN





## OCCUPIED JAPAN

(Continued from page 16)

ritories which have been occupied by the Imperial Army are always marked by the familiar "tori" gate, several of which our soldiers found when they drove the Japanese out of the Aleutians and the Pacific Islands.

A chief tenet of this religion is that every Japanese must bow deeply from the waist every time he passes through a tori gate or sees a picture of the emperor. There is a story told in Tokyo, that a foreign resident was surprised one day to see all of the people in a certain block near the imperial palace, bowing deeply with their faces toward the ground. Thinking the emperor was passing, he stepped aside, but was astonished to see it was only a servant from the palace leading the emperor's white horse along the street. I have myself on many occasions observed all of the Japanese passengers and the motor-man on a street car suddenly bow their heads when the car passed the gate of the imperial palace.

The Japanese are holding some 70,000 Americans and Britons, military and civilian, as war prisoners in concentration camps located all the way from Japan proper to Singapore. All of these prisoners at some time during the day must sit on their feet, face Tokyo, and bow in reverential fashion to show their submission to the Son of Heaven.

The heads of the army and navy as chief protectors of the throne are the only cabinet officials who have access to the Emperor at all times. As a result they are in a position to obtain imperial sanction for all acts of the military, including the seizure of a Manchuria or the perpetration of a Pearl Harbor. In 1936 young fascist-minded army officers staged a rebellion in Tokyo, seized all public buildings and created a reign of terror which lasted for several days. Many high officials, including cabinet officers, were murdered.

The ringleaders of this army rebellion claimed they were trying to "protect" the emperor against politicians and financiers who were leading him astray. There probably have been more political assassinations in Japan than in any other modern country and in practically all cases the chief defense of the murderers was that they were trying to "protect the Emperor."

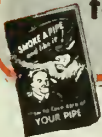
Political gangsterism probably has had a freer field for development in Japan than in any other modern country, partly due to imperfections in the Government which have existed since the restoration and the adoption of a constitution in 1867. Of all the political organizations or gangs, the best known is the Black Dragon Society or "Kokuryo-Kai" to use the Japanese name, which dates back to the war between Japan and Russia in 1905. It was largely responsible for that war and since has kept alive the idea of Japanese conquest and expansion.



*"I don't use a Moose call. I just smoke fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh."*

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as it smells**

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**FREE!** 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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**BUT IT TOOK A  
WAR TO PROVE IT!**

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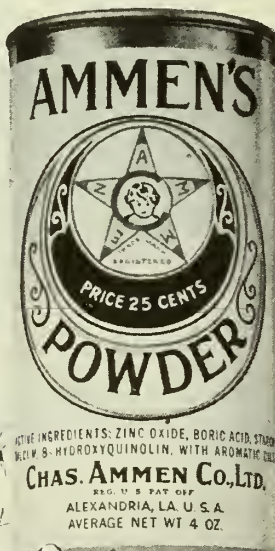
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sion on the continent. The Black Dragon Society and its offshoot, the Dai Nippon Seisanto, or Great Japan Production Society, were largely responsible for the alliance with Germany and the creation of the present dictatorship.

**I**T HAS been estimated more than ninety-five percent of the national wealth of Japan is owned by five families which are a hang-over from feudalism.

Apologists for Japan allege that the civilian elements, representatives of the big family monopoly corporations, and the Emperor might build a new Japan "if given a chance" following the Allied defeat of the military elements. This argument is fantastic because the big family corporations are the chief beneficiaries of the loot brought in by the army.

There are certain interests and individuals in the United States who favor a soft peace with Japan for a variety of reasons. The chief ones are:

*Business*—"Japan was our best foreign customer for cotton, scrap iron, oil and machinery."

*International Politics*—"Japan can serve as a buffer to protect us against an awakening China and an expanding Russia."

*Charity and Humanitarianism*—"The vast majority of the Japanese people are 'good' and should not be held responsible for the misdeeds of the warlords and politicians who misled them."

Of all the arguments for a soft peace, the most dangerous is that Japan should be preserved as a buffer between the United States and Asia. This would be tantamount to telling Japan to go ahead and organize Asia for another and more terrible war of East against West.

As for the business argument, it is admitted that Japan was a good customer, but all of the profits from the sale of cotton, oil and scrap iron for two decades wouldn't pay for one Pearl Harbor or one-tenth of the damage and misery caused by Japan's invasion of the Asiatic continent. When we were so blithely dumping potential war materials into Japan we thought the Japanese were preparing to fight somebody else. We apparently didn't dream that we were "feeding a tiger that would ultimately attempt to devour us."

We have no quarrel with the missionaries and humanitarians who would protect the "good people" of Japan against punishment for the sins of their leaders. But it never can be forgotten that the friendly Japanese peasants were transformed into blood-thirsty savages when they were sent abroad to conquer the world.

There can be no half-way measures in dealing with the Japanese menace. It was decided at the Cairo Conference that Japan must be stripped of her illegally acquired colonial territories. But the question of the future of the Japanese home islands with their 70,000,000 people—the most trouble-



**THOSE IN THE KNOW...ASK FOR**



*A Truly Great Name*

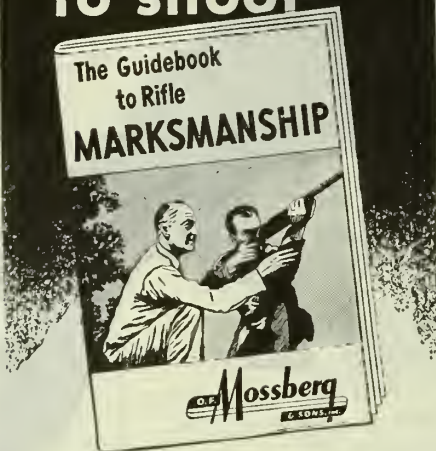
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Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old  
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some question of all—is yet to be decided.

Most of us are in agreement that Japan must be occupied by Allied forces after the war, but we are not in agreement on the next step—the future government of Japan.

The military occupation of Japan by Allied forces in which the Chinese should occupy a prominent place will shatter the myth of Japan's invincibility. It also will provide an opportunity for the play of democratic forces which are present in the country but have never had an opportunity for expression. The Japanese already are familiar with the machinery of democracy in that they have held national elections and have had a parliament.

Those who know the Japanese best—the Chinese—are convinced that democracy is possible in Japan providing there is no outside interference to bolster up feudalistic institutions such as the emperor and the Shinto cult or a bureaucracy composed of representatives of the feudalistic families and state monopolies.

## ANDARTES

(Continued from page 20)

had its effect. Greeks still remember the June tenth that meant the end of the town of Distomo. One thousand men, women and children were herded into the town square and machine-gunned. Then the town was destroyed.

In addition to committing such outrages, the Germans stripped the country of its wealth. Predominantly agricultural, Greece had been a forced supply house for the German army. And her economics became disrupted, as seen in reports reaching me that recently one shirt in Greece cost eight million drachmas; a pair of shoes, twenty million. The prewar equivalent for the price of the shoes is two hundred thousand dollars!

But over and above this, factional politics has sapped the determination of the people, to some extent. Various underground groups were vying for power in a government which they did not have, in the usual sense. There were mutinies on Greek vessels and among Greek military units in the Middle East in resentment against political fortunes. Since April 3, last, the government-in-exile in Cairo has had three premiers, with the possibility that before you read these lines there will be a fourth.

I recently talked with two young British officers just out of Greece and their stories illustrate how Allied liaison men contributed organizational ability and military know-how to point up the superb courage of the Andartes.

Last spring a German troop train was making its way from Athens to Salonika, and so far as any of the enemy knew it was to be another routine run. But my friend, the sandy-haired British officer I'll call "Captain Jones" had different ideas. For

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months he had planned to disarrange this particular time-table. At the moment, he crouched near the track, peering into a blinding snowstorm. Posted up and down the right of way were a hundred Greek guerrillas. Presently they heard the train rumbling near, and finally saw it emerge through a parting curtain of snow.

When it reached a certain point, Captain Jones pulled the switch and the countryside shivered. Six hundred pounds of high explosives lifted the long train as if it were a toy. The locomotive and several cars tumbled down a grade on the far side and plunged into a deep stream. The rest of the cars, with an estimated fifteen hundred troops inside, were scattered up and down the tracks. The Andartes went to work with tommyguns, firing sixteen thousand rounds. Grenades silenced those of the enemy who returned fire for a while from an armored car.

Captain Jones also told the story of the sun-bathing Nazis, a story which has made good telling, no doubt, around the guerrilla camps on dull nights. He and a band of Andartes happened upon about 500 Germans sunbathing near a small stream in the Mount Olympus region. In a brief action, they killed nearly half of the Germans and sent the others scurrying in naked terror through the stony countryside.

Perhaps the story still brings guffaws at the sort of parties the second British officer friend of mine attended on occasion. As adviser to one guerrilla band, he has reason to remember an occasion on which Ouzo flowed freely. Ouzo is Greek "liquid dynamite" resembling absinthe, with about the same effect, or more so. Toasts were many and "Our great allies, Russia, the United States and Britain" was shouted into the air as long as there was a voice left sober enough to take care of this formality.

During June and July of this year, to illustrate, the Andartes captured two large towns; destroyed a train; raided a rail station; inflicted six hundred casualties in a raid north of Preveza; cleared a coastal strip south of Corfu, and otherwise harassed the enemy. In most of these operations, American and British officers were on hand for either planning or participation, or both.

Similar action was reported in Yugoslavia, and the two theaters were bound closely to Allied headquarters either in the Middle East or Italy by radio communication. Although the area was under the command of British Middle East Commander Sir Bernard Paget, the operations were genuinely Allied in makeup, with American or British officers serving according to rank and the occasion.

As this was written it was estimated that there were 23 enemy divisions in Yugoslavia and Greece, for the most part non-Germans—the rag, tag and bobtail Nazi conscripts. It looked as if only a miracle could save them from annihilation or capture.

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I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

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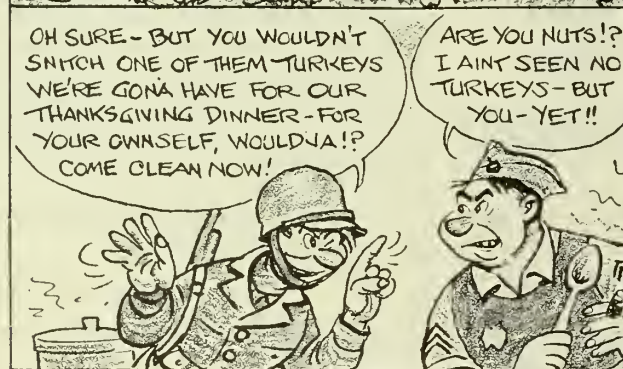
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# Herman on Guard

By Wally





## Just another day?

So you're not sentimental, huh? . . .

So Thanksgiving is just another day.

Well, just try wandering around a  
strange town for a few days where you

don't know a soul . . . eat in diners

where the man who sits next to you  
is just another elbow in your side.

Then you'll know what "home" and  
"welcome" mean to a lonely soldier.

Put yourself in *his* place . . . then see

if you can eat that turkey without

inviting at least one serviceman to

*your* home this Thanksgiving!

*What is the "Hart Schaffner & Marx touch"  
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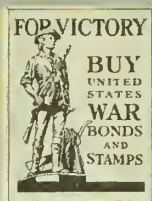
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